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VICISSITUDES ABROAD;

OR,

THE GHOST OF MY FATHER.

A Novel.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

MRS. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF

ANNA; JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS; AGNES DE COURCI;
ELLEN; BEGGAR GIRL, &c.

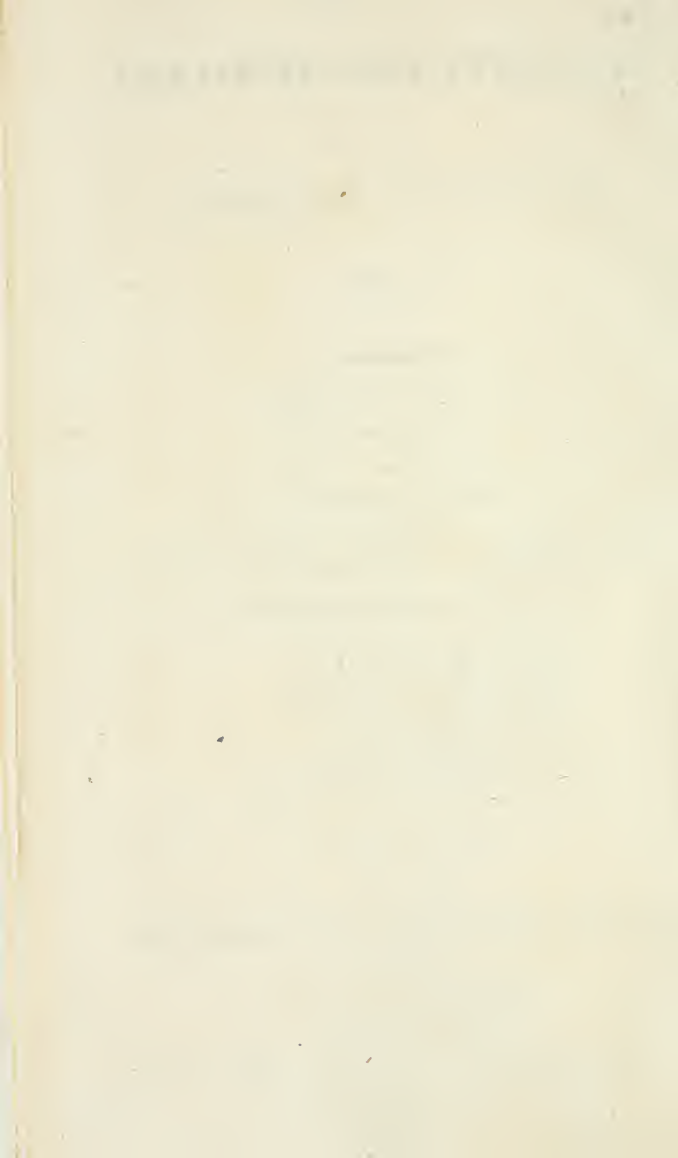
Where Providence inclin'd,
In unrelenting wrath to human kind,
To take back every blessing that she gave,
From the wide ruin she would memory save:
Else world severest ills be soon o'ercast,
Or kind oblivion bury them at last.
But memory, with more than Egypt art,
Embalming every grief that wounds the heart,
Sits at the altar she has rais'd to woe,
And feeds the source whence tears for ever flow.

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VICISSITUDES.

ALTHOUGH fatigue is said to be the best opiate, not even

“ The sleep, which on wounded Nature sheds

“ A kind but short relief,”

visited the downy pillows pressed by the aching heads of Ninon and Charlotte.

Their joyful surprise at meeting the Comte de V., in the moment when mourning his premature end, was succeeded by the deepest sorrow for the fate that now seemed inevitable. If indeed it had been possible for him to evade the people by whom they had last night seen him inclosed, that almost hopeless possibility was

followed by the conviction that his final escape would depend on his existence remaining a profound secret.

“ We dare not,” said Ninon, “ speak of this amiable man ; but I will not cease to implore my father to interest himself for the release of her who was more than life to him ;” and the usual hour of rising found them occupied only about the liberation of the innocent Adelaide.

“ Yes,” said the little orator next morning, raising his weeping daughter from his feet, “ yes, as the Comte’s death has expiated the affront he offered me, I pardon him ; and I will visit the Duke, his father, and present him with an oration I once proposed for the King on the death of the Dauphin. You, Charlotte, are a sensible girl, and I will one day read it to you. I shall retain a copy. It principally treats on the folly of grieving for the dead.”

“ Ah ! no doubt the Duke will be consoled,” sighed Charlotte.

“ I think

“ I think he will,” answered M. Chevereux with great condescension ; “ and I will certainly procure the enlargement of Mademoiselle de Courville.”

When the crowds, with aid of the suspicious men, separated the Comte from his fair friends, he had little in his head or heart besides the *lettre de cachet*, the convent, and Adelaide, till he perceived his good genius in the shape of the three Marchands, who, knowing he was doomed to destruction, had followed his steps by desire of their grateful brother, to watch occasion of favouring his escape. One of them proposed the only expedient that had power to rouse the Comte from his present despair. He had some connection near one of the barriers of the road to Versailles, where he knew a cabriole might be procured ; and he resolved to ensure the Comte's escape at the risk of his own life. Accompanied by this persevering friend, who answered the call of the guards, they were suffered to pass with the cabriole, and reached Versailles in safety.

Would you believe, Lady N., what was not less strange than true, that this second event of such consequence should have taken place at Paris, and no account of it reached the Court ?

Rumours indeed had been flying all day ; but to raze such a fortress as the Bastile, appeared so impossible, that it destroyed the credit of others improbable, though fatally true, and so far from being believed, it was treated as a jest by all the ministers.

The Abbe Riccobini had arrived only one day from Languedoc. He had just crossed a gallery towards the Duke's apartment, who was a very early riser, when he saw from a window the approach of the sorry cabriole, from which a person alighted, of whom he had no recollection, till he passed hastily, and unannounced, into the Duke's closet.

The rumours of the preceding day instantly occurred to the Duke. Instinctively sensible of the danger from which his darling son was escaped, he had received
him

him in his paternal arms, when the Abbe followed to pray for, and bless, both father and son.

The Comte could no longer stand. The fatigue and danger from which he could scarce believe he had escaped, with the sight of two persons so dear and so respected, after having often within the last twenty-four hours despaired of ever again beholding them, overcame him. He was carried to a bed, where the Duke attending him, heard such a sketch of the events of the preceding day, as filled him with amazement and horror.

Leaving his son to the repose of which he stood in so much need, the Duke repaired to the apartment of the Duke de Liancourt, master of the wardrobe, who, as well as himself, condemned that false tenderness of the ministers, now become a system, of concealing unpleasant news from the King. They forced their way into the royal bed-chamber, and the dreadful tidings were in a few minutes after confirmed by Monsieur, who entered with the contents

of an express he had just received, from which he said, with a consternation hardly to be described, he understood the rebels had the audacity to set a price on the head of the Count d'Artois. Not only the King and Monsieur, but all present, were affected, the two former to tears. An immediate council was called, and the Duke de V. remained to attend it.

Meanwhile the Comte could not rest, till the Abbe, always in full confidence of the Duke, convinced him, that the peace of the family would no longer be annoyed by the caprice of a plebeian, an assurance supported by so many indisputable facts, as restored his heart to its peace, and his body to repose.

The Duchess fancied she saw some strange meaning in the looks of her particular domestics, who, having heard the dreadful reports from Paris, concluded their young Lord was no more.

On the Abbe's entering, affable, mild, composed, with a spark of internal joy shining in his clear, though sunken eyes,
they

they crossed themselves in admiration of his fortitude, and were waiting to observe the manner in which he would open the sad event, when the women shrieked, and the valet dropped a salver at sight of the Comte himself, whom the Duchess, not having yet heard of the event that had so terrified her family, received with the most joyful surprise; but you will believe the relation he had to disclose, even without adverting to the danger he had so narrowly himself escaped, equally affected and astonished her.

“ Great God !” said she, “ and while all this is passing in the capital, we are here, ignorant that our fellow-creatures are destroying each other; and there too is my poor Adelaide ! Ah ! how should I support that idea, if my dear St. Herman was not with her ?”

This was a consolation the Comte also shared, and it was one that he never ceased to acknowledge.

The Abbe Riccobini, while he blessed, Oh how proud have I always been of that

B 4

good

good man's approbation, yes, dear Lady N., he blessed both the motive and the act that gave to the innocent Adelaide a maternal friend, at a time when every one felt that private grievance must give way to public calamity; both the Duchess and her son felt this truth with the most sensible grief, but they felt it *was* a truth.

At the castle all was confusion and terror. It was now too late to talk of ordering the troops to Paris. The Marshal Broglio no longer urged the measure. He had himself indubitable proofs, that the same men who a short time since idolized their general, now only burned for an opportunity to abandon him, and join the national guards.

After the Council, the King's resolution to demand the advice and assistance of the Assembly, produced an event the most solemn, grand, and affecting France ever witnessed. The Nobles of the Court, who had not often joined the deliberations in the hall, appeared there, not as ministers or attendants on the King, but in their own private individual characters.

The

The Assembly, who had uniformly opposed all the measures of the Court, and the regulations, the commands, and even entreaty of the Sovereign, were yet, the majority of them at least, true Frenchmen. They could not behold their once-beloved and adored *Grand Monarque*, enter the Assembly self-divested of regal pomp, unattended by his guards, or any of that splendour which had hitherto seemed to mock the poverty of the State ; his countenance overcast with grief ; tears glistening in his eyes, and his voice faltering with excess of feeling, without at once recognising the father and the King.

The pride of oratory, the rage of reform, and the spirit of opposition were overpowered by the effusions of loyalty, and the factious crew, who were bribed to brawl sedition in the pay of villians, were now borne down by men who felt themselves degraded in the person of their Sovereign. It was not only *his* grief, *his* tears, but the grief and tears of the Assembly

that mourned the violence and murder, which disgraced the annals of France in the destruction of a fortress, where, after all the clamour raised against it, only seven prisoners were found, not one of whom, the Comte de V. and the murdered Marquis de P. excepted, had dared to call themselves innocent; but their liberation had cost the misguided men, who took the law into their own hands, more blood than had been forfeited to the State in the memory of man.

The King solemnly denied any intention of turning the arms of his soldiers against their fellow-subjects. The Assembly did just homage to his goodness; and the union of confidence, interest, and sentiment between the King and them, produced the spectacle which never has, and now, alas! never can be equalled.

The King returned from the hall not as he entered, unguarded, but attended by the whole Assembly, who, uncovered, formed a line between them for his passage with
Monsieur,

Monsieur, and a few of his most respected friends, one of the first of whom was the Duke de V.; while every heart swelled with the sentiment of "*vive le Roi*," which they were too much affected to pronounce.

The Queen, the Princes, and the royal children met the King, and threw themselves, bathed in tears, at his feet. In this glorious moment the distinction of the Court and the Assembly was no longer known; it was the beloved King and his affectionate subjects, it was the members of one great family united in one cause, and deploring a calamity in which they were all equal sufferers.

Monsieur Chevereux was among the zealots of the day. As a friend of the Court he could have little to say; as distinguishing courtiers, individually, he could once more hold each by the button while he harangued them. The Marquises B—t—l and de Courville, bore the infliction with wonderful philosophy. The heart of the

little orator was open ; he recollected the promise to his daughter, and solicited the enlargement of Adelaide de Courville.

Nothing could be refused to the good advocate Chevereux.

Mademoiselle de Courville was a proper subject for the eloquence of such a pleader. She was unfortunate, she was innocent ; and the Marquis de Courville was charged to make his daughter's acknowledgment.

The Marquis, on whom no courtly hint was ever lost, paid him the most obliging compliments, both in his own name and that of the Marquise ; and the little orator no longer remembered the disappointment of Ninon.

The outcry against the Marquis de Launay was so universal, that had the King been disposed to palliate his conduct, it would have been very impolitic in him to have done so at this period ; and the odium which Rossier's report fixed on the Comte de V. was also too general, to be immediately done away, by the testimony of a
single

single citizen of known attachment to the family. It therefore was judged prudent, as well as necessary, for the Comte to continue *incog.* as long as he remained at Versailles.

Monsieur Chevereux was among the many who concluded that the Comte, of whose zeal and activity every body had heard, was buried under the ruins of the Bastile ; and thus considering his death as an atonement for slighting Ninon, he the readier promised his interest for Adelaide.

The various reports, which proved the still fermented state of the capital, added every hour to the Duke de V.'s apprehension for his son. It had been proposed for him to join the army ; but what safety were there now, for a person so marked as obnoxious to the people, in an army which their own general dared not trust ?

The sentiments of Marshal Broglio were not calculated to appease the fear of a fond parent for his beloved son. He always wished to conceal from the Duchess every thing

thing that could alarm or afflict her ; but her advice was to him the acme of wisdom, and, however repugnant to his feelings, he resolved to avail himself of it at this interesting period, as well as of that of the Abbe Riccobini.

The Duchess had never apprehended personal danger to the son of a man whose virtues were so acknowledged, and whose character stood so high with all ranks as that of the Duke de V. ; but as soon as convinced that such a circumstance was possible, she pressed his immediate departure, not to the suspected army, but to the frontiers ; and this she urged as absolutely necessary, not only for his own safety, but for his father's, and of course her peace of mind.

The Abbe Riccobini had heard and feared more from the madness of the populace, than he had courage to disclose in the presence of the Duchess.

“ No, Monsieur le Duc,” said he, “ it is not with an army, in whom the general dare
not

not confide, that my beloved pupil will be safe, for there, brave and noble as he is, the tainted breath of faction may reach him. Too late will his innocence appear, too late will it be admitted that to true courage cruelty is the most abhorrent of vices. He must go; his honour will one day be cleared: we dare not doubt immutable justice; but should a cenotaph reach the skies in record of his virtue, how would that assuage the anguish of his fond parent, or soften the regret of his friends, when he is no more! Ah! let him, let him go, let him leave a Court so unpropitious to his happiness! You have already one son in this suspected army. Let your eldest, the counterpart of yourself, travel; send him from the tempest, bursting with its own fury. I tremble every moment that he remains within the reach of the furious destroyers of their country."

The Duke, who knew the Abbe too well to suspect he would alarm him by vain fears, rightly concluded the solemn eager-

ness of his manner resulted from better information than had reached himself. He immediately sent for the Comte to his closet.

The repetition of reasons, and recapitulation of events which prefaced an explanation of the plan proposed by the Abbe, and approved by the Duke and Duchess, overwhelmed the Comte with the most lively grief. His countenance betrayed the anguish of his soul. He threw himself at the feet of the Duchess.—“ You hear, Madam,” said he, “ I am commanded to go ; I am told that I cannot even remain in France with safety ; but determine for me, can I leave her who is dearer to me than life ! leave her a prisoner ! for me a prisoner ? Ah, my father ! recall the ardour of your own youth. How often have you painted to me the excess of your misery, when parted from your adored Julia ! But had she been a prisoner, torn from her friends, her home, only because she was lovely and beloved, would your heart

heart not have bled like mine? Let my Adelaide be restored to liberty, to the protection of my amiable mother, and my obedience will anticipate your commands."

"And how, dear Comte," asked the Duchess, "would your presence accelerate an event so interesting to us all?"

"It would surely retard it," said the Duke. "The obstacles to your union with Adelaide, (and you must remember, my son, they did not originate with us), are passing away; they will shortly be no longer remembered. You cannot doubt our interest will be joined by her father and mother; but, in the mean time, *your* life, and in this case I may add *my own*, depends on your retreat from France."

The Comte was still irresolute.

The Abbe folded his venerable hands. His white hair fell back as with a motion of his head. Both tender and devout, he added—

"I dare not, my son, *say* how much I fear, not only the peace, but the actual safety

safety of the family of De Verencourt, depends on your immediate absence."

The Duchess, pale and speechless, was now supported by her husband, whose earnest gaze on the Abbe's speaking countenance proved his own alarm.

The venerable man, whose experience, deep observation, profound learning, and long-trying affection rendered him, in the opinion of the family, the most respectable and infallible of men, could not speak thus without being also extremely agitated himself; but whatever was his portentous meaning, fears so vaguely expressed were not calculated to accelerate the departure of the Comte.

"If then," said he, "my family is menaced with danger, is it fit the son should be from his post? Who so proper to defend, to die for the father as the son? Who so bound to protect the mother? Surely, my venerable monitor, this is the duty you have yourself taught me."

"Yes, my young friend, yes, these *are* the

the principles I avow ; but, alas ! the direful necessity of the times has almost reversed the order of nature. The honour of the son is the father's reproach ; his courage fixes a stigma where he has deserved a triumph ; and again I say, to save those loved and respected parents you must fly, but think not you shall go alone, Oh no ! old as I am, you must not cast me off. True, my infirmities would impede your journey ; but I will follow. Alas ! poor and selfish is the love I offer : my aged eyes would still gaze on the object whose happiness is the prop of my feeble existence. I would follow him from a country, that, without him, is a desert to me. Yes, my son, you must charge yourself with the dotage of your poor old man ; you must resolve to receive his last breath, to close his eyes, and see his remains committed to its parent dust."

Tears dropped from the mild Abbe's eyes, and the Duchess wept in agony ; while the Duke, whose sensibility was too
acute

acute for his bodily health, felt in the same moment the most poignant regret at parting from his son, and the absolute necessity of commanding his absence.

The Comte felt the paternal distress of the Duke, the tenderness of the Duchess, and the solicitude of the good Abbe could have but one source. He recollected the violence and injustice of the Paris mob; he remembered the agitation of the honest Marchand, and a possibility that the unsated rage of the mistaken citizens might indeed reach his father, made him for the first time acquainted with the sensation of fear.

A valet in that moment announced the Marquise de Courville and Monsieur Chevereux.

“ Behold, my dear Duchess, “ said the former with vivacity, “ our friend Monsieur Chevereux, the friend of Adelaide. He no longer resents that predilection of our children which opposed his wishes. It is to him that I owe this order for the enlargement of my daughter.”

The

The flow of spirits which animated the Marquise, prevented her observing the astonishment of her companion at sight of the Comte de V., who threw himself at her feet.

“ Ah, my dear Marquise !” cried he, “ is she indeed restored to you, to us ? Oh do not a second time risk the happiness of a daughter so dear, of a son who will worship you. Let Adelaide be mine. I must leave my family, my country. Let her be my companion, and with her any country will be mine.”

“ *Bon Dieu !*” exclaimed Chevereux, “ what is all this ? what do I see ? Monsieur le Comte de V. still living ! the assassin of the peaceable citizens sheltered by the Court, protected by his father, and talking of offering the last insult to my *petite Ninon* ! what treachery ! what deceit !”

The Marquise changed colour.—“ What have I done ?” whispered she to the Duchess.

“ Yes, Monsieur *L'Avocat*,” said the Duke

Duke with an air of 'grandeur' which for a moment confounded the orator, "yes, the Comte de V. is, blessed be the saints that saved him, living, and protected by his father; but he is not the assassin of his fellow-citizens."

As Monsieur Chevereux was not furnished from memory, with even the shreds of a speech suitable to the present situation of any party, he shrugged his shoulders, cast up his eyes, and made a motion to withdraw.

The Abbe arose, and taking his reluctant hand, entreated his stay in a way which, from a respected priest, have always been irresistible to a good Catholic.—“Hear us, Monsieur,” said he, “we are not used to treachery: the tenor of our lives are the testimonies of our integrity. We love the Comte.”

“Ah no doubt, so did my *petite* Ninon.”

“But we abhor the crime imputed to him.”

“Look at him, the noble youth, does
his

his countenance pourtray the lineament, of an assassin? does he look guilt-struck?"

"I have no pique to his countenance; it is his actions that fill me with horror. If the Court regards its own credit, if it wishes to be well with the people, that traitor ——"

The Duke advanced, but could not obtain the hearing of one word. The spontaneous loyalty of Monsieur Chevereux had put a very deep studied speech out of his head. Present circumstances revived a long train of ideas, with all the fine points; "the traitor, who with more than savage ferocity, barbarity, treachery, cruelty, and inhumanity, enticed the lamb-like citizens to the slaughter."—Idea followed idea, trope led trope, metaphors, apostrophe's, and inference's, which usually called forth murmurs of applause, so entirely engrossed Monsieur Chevereux, as leaning one arm on the marble table, and sawing the air with the other, that the Duke had time and presence of mind to order horses for the
instant

instant departure of his son ; and before Monsieur Chevereux had given or taken a moment's respite, the good Abbe, who saw the danger of a moment's delay, retired to his apartment, with the single consolation that he should soon follow his dear pupil.

The Marquise, while trembling at every thundering period of the advocate's speech, had also taken advantage of his inattention to every thing but the sound of his own voice ; and dispatched a valet, on whose fidelity she could rely, with the order for Adelaide's release, directing him to bring her to Versailles as soon as possible.

Monsieur C., used to bear down all interruption, proceeded to harangue the gloomy Duke and his affrighted Duchess, till he was informed the Assembly were returned to the hall, to send an account of the event of the day to Paris, in hopes to quiet the minds of the people there.

“ Heavens and earth ! ” exclaimed Chevereux, “ without me ! ”

He,

He, however, did not forget in his haste to assure the Duke he would not fail to report to the Assembly that the bloody-minded Comte had not yet received the reward of his enormities, that, on the contrary, he lived to glory in them.

Far, dear Lady N., from you and your's, be even the distant roar of the tempest that tore from the root the domestic peace and social happiness of all that was great, good, and virtuous in that miserable, devoted, that dear country, which, at an age when the soul receives impressions which memory never recalls without emotions of pain and pleasure, was in every affecting sense mine. It is true, I no longer fear the up-lifted sword ; but, alas ! what I have left does not compensate for that I have lost ; for—

“ Narrow is thy dwelling, dark the place of thine abode : with three steps I compass thy grave, Oh thou who wast so great before ! ”

H. ST. HERMAN.

PACKET XI.

SCARCE had M. Chevereux departed from the presence of the Duke de V., before an express arrived, with an account that the razing of the Palais de V. was every moment expected.

So far indeed was the destruction of the Bastile from allaying the public fury, that it continued to increase. The streets were stained with the blood of those who were marked by the desperadoes ; and livid heads were still carried in procession by the houses of their dearest connection, who would have had their own turn in the
tragedy,

tragedy, had they betrayed the smallest emotion.

Rossier, continuing to assert that the Comte was even more criminal than De Launay, the name of Verencourt, once so adored, was generally execrated.

“ Yes,” said the Duke, “ I see the destruction of my race ; and Oh ! that the ruin propending over this devoted country might stop there ! Julia, my beloved Julia, where now are the years of tranquil happiness I fondly promised thee ?—Closed, already closed ! Unhappy France ! no longer affords protection to its protectors !”

There did not exist a noble who deserved more of his country than the Duke de V. It was his determined principle that no danger, immediate or threatening, should induce a loyal subject to desert his Prince ; and among the many of his male acquaintance who had already left their country on various pretences, not one preserved his esteem. But however firm in respect to

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himself,

himself, he, who would face death in any shape by the side of his King, could not endure the most distant idea of danger to his wife. His sons were no less the objects of his tenderness; but he considered their lives and services as appendages to the crown, nor once permitted himself to admit a possibility of their existing under the stigma of deserting their natural station near the danger of their Sovereign.

He recollected that the personal jewels of the Duchess, together with family papers, and other effects of importance, were left in the menaced palace. Julia insisted on accompanying him wherever he now went. No dissuasions had the least effect on her; and to expose her to popular fury was what he dared not do.

The heart of the Abbe, with all the fond enthusiasm of age, was already on the road after his dear pupil; but he felt the superior claims of the father ought to supersede his longings after the son. The power of the clergy among the mob was not yet
on

on its decline. They had joined the idol of the day ; and a priest was still a sacred character. The Abbe, however, who reprobated the impious coalition, would have been equally ready to encounter danger in the service of his temporal Lord, had the just punishment, which so soon overwhelmed the perfidious clergy, been already commenced, he willingly charged himself with the commission, and immediately set off for Paris.

Monsieur Chevereux had said he would not fail to inform the Assembly of the Comte being with his father ; but he did not keep his word. He returned to the hall in the moment when the King's voluntary offer to withdraw all the troops was answered by reiterated acclamations of joy. The praise of the *Monarque* was indeed a subject so new and unstudied, as put every other subject out of his head. To let such an occasion pass without a something from the great orator, would be a falling off indeed. He stood up : silence

was commanded ; but, for the first time, he had nothing to say.

“ Monsieur *L'Avocat* is overpowered with his feelings,” said the Duke de O. ironically.

Monsieur *L'Avocat* bowed, spread his right hand on his left breast, and resumed his seat. He was applauded, and even respected ; but applause and respect did not satisfy him. In the bitterness of self-humiliation he recollected Ninon, the dead citizens, and the Comte de V. ; but it was too late. Eighty-four deputies, headed by the Duke de O. and the popular young Fayette, were setting off to Paris, to carry a second account of what was passing in the Assembly ; and Monsieur Chevereux's name was among them.

From the Hotel de Ville, where the deputies harangued the multitude, they proceeded to *Notre Dame*, to sing a *Te Deum*, though few of the thousands that attended could guess for what, except, which indeed was industriously spread
among

among the lower order, for the destruction of the Bastile, and the innumerable massacres which followed.

The popular deputies were carried to their respective houses on the shoulders of the populace; and this honour so intoxicated the Chevereux, that he entered his balcony, meaning to take up the loyal cause where it had set him down, in the hall of the Assembly.

A few of the misguided among the crowd, who fancied the motive that interested them, was the reform of real abuse, and pleased at the concession of the King, which they wished to witness, called out—"Bring the King to Paris, and recall the old Ministry."—This was immediately echoed by thousands of wretches, to whom all changes were equal.

Monsieur now found it more expedient, and infinitely more easy, to return again to the old cause.

"*You can do this,*" said a man of some consequence, who mingled with

the desperadoes; and Monsieur C. not only promised, but called their attention to the Comte de V., whose existence he lamented in many a mazy wind of eloquence. Yes, Monsieur did now talk to some purpose; but all his stentorial powers, his arguments, and even entreaties, were drowned in "Down with the Verencourts!" and in a few moments the great speaker found himself sawing the air in his balcony, without a single auditor.

The Abbe Riccobini was in the mean time in the Duke's closet. He had selected the papers of consequence, and collected the jewels and plate from the different repositories into one package, and was waiting for the carriage to return to Versailles, when the attack on the outer lodge began.

In this terrible moment, when the yells of females, who disgraced womanhood, and the cry of "Down with the Verencourts!" reached him in all directions, the good man prostrated his soul in thankful joy that the
object

object of their fury was far out of their reach. He hurried the papers and jewels into a cabinet ; and while the undistinguishing destroyers were collecting the rich furniture and pictures into the court, where a fire was kindled to consume them, he in vain preached “ the peace of God and good will among men,” from the window of the closet, till the heat of the fire melted the glass, and obliged him to retire.

The servants, who on the first alarm had hid themselves, finding no safety in concealment, now thronged round the Abbe, and implored the protection of an old man, who, excepting his prayers, had none to offer. The work of destruction went on. The beautiful paintings, the fine mirrors, and costly hangings were seen in the flames ; but the gold and silver ornaments vanished. Part of the palais fell in, and the death of the Abbe, with the household, seemed inevitable.

In that moment the Marquis de la Fayette, to whom the command of a few troops,

hastily embodied, and called the National Guard, was given, entered the court. He dispersed the crowd, reassured the servants, and the Abbe, having secured every thing of value he could put into his carriage, was guarded out of Paris, and returned safe to Versailles.

During this great achievement, orator C. was not much to be envied. He had a secret painful feeling, which even vanity could not dissipate. How had the noble and respectable pair, whose ruin of mind and circumstance had been the business of that day, injured him? and had he been able to get rid of this troublesome mental interrogation, what could reconcile him to the actual abandonment of all his auditors, in the very prime of one of the best speeches he ever made?

He retired from the balcony with the poor comfort, that as neither his wife, his daughter, or her friend had witnessed his disgrace, he could repeat to them as many of the particulars as pleased himself;

but consciousness of what his friends the people were now doing, as well as the mortifying certainty that they preferred pulling down the palais of a nobleman to listening to one of his best speeches, prevented his being very communicative, though the ladies were anxious to hear all that had passed during the whole of the day, when even Madame C. was too ill to leave her chamber; but his reluctant account petrified them all.

“ *Mon Dieu !*” exclaimed Madame C. “ then by this time all that fine furniture is destroyed, those grand doors broke down, and that fine staircase beat in !”

“ Ah, miserable wretch that I am !” cried Ninon, “ born to be the destruction of those I most love and respect ! Is it then so ? is that noble edifice destroyed ? Alas ! alas ! I never shall know a moment’s peace ! Not only the son—such a son !—but by me must all fall, by me ! Oh that I had been buried under the ruins of their noble
c 6 dwelling !

dwelling ! Oh, my father, why would you thus distract me !”

“ Ay,” said Madame C., her nerves still recoiling from the spectacle of the preceding day, and moved by the sorrow of her daughter, “ why would you thus distract us ?”

“ You want to distract me, I think,” he replied ; “ and I have a confounded headache already. I did not bid the people pull down the Palais de Verencourt.”

“ But,” said Charlotte, “ you can bid them *not* pull it down ; they have not yet perhaps begun.—You can follow them, you can persuade.”

“ Oh do, my dear papa !” cried the kneeling Ninon.

“ Yes, do, Monsieur,” joined Madame C., “ go, and make a speech ; for my part, I am quite tired of noise and heads upon spears.”

Monsieur C. loved but one thing in the world better than his little Ninon, that was
his

his precious self. He had hitherto only delivered inflammatory speeches, without witnessing their effects ; he was now alarmed at the summary proceedings of their mightinesses—the mob, and he saw very plain it was easier to avoid than escape from danger.

The heads, that still spoke the language of liberty in all the streets through which he had been carried on the shoulders of the executioners, left an impression not easy to be removed ; so that Ninon kneeled, Charlotte wept, and his spouse persuaded in vain.

He called for his slippers, and squeezing himself into his easy chair, returned a decided negative to each.

“ You are all mad,” said he, after a short pause, “ and I am as mad to regard you. Here you drive me to Versailles, to ask the release of Mademoiselle de Courville, the fool who preferred her to Ninon, being dead. Well, I go, I speak, I prevail——”

“ A thousand,

“ A thousand, thousand thanks,” sobbed Charlotte.

“ Yes, I seldom speak without effect ; but don’t weep, Ninon, I can’t bear it. Well, the Marquis de Courville compliments me on my irresistible eloquence. He carries me to the Marquise ; she embraces me.—‘ Ah,’ said she, ‘ you must go with me to my daughter’s other mother. The Duchess de Verencourt must also embrace you.’—I consent. While we are in her carriage, I recollect the most affecting part of my oration, on the folly of grieving for the dead—it is a superlative thing. I wish Miss St. Herman would read it to Ninon with all my heart. Well, this was to console Monsieur, the Duke, and Madame, the Duchess, whom I expected to find drowned in tears ; and indeed so they were. Madame, the Duchess, concealed her face, Monsieur, the Duke, and the Abbe Riccobini, were seated at a table, both in tears ; but all this was nothing.

“ How !”

“ How !” said Charlotte, “ do you call the tears of a Duke de Verencourt, of an Abbe Riccobini, nothing ?”

“ Is it nothing,” exclaimed Ninon, “ to lose such a son as the Comte de Verencourt ?”

“ For my part,” joined Madame C., “ I think it all very affecting ; and there passed a head this very day so like him.”

“ You are a foolish woman !” and Monsieur C. actually passed his own hand across his eyes, as if to avoid the sight of the head.

“ And all this,” continued his spouse a little piqued, “ you say is nothing ?”

“ No,” retorted he, “ for on the other side of the table stood the young Comte, looking as handsome and as well as if no such event as the refusal of my Ninon, or the murder of the good citizens had happened !”

The transition from fear of death, when every vestige of hope had vanished, to the prospect of a long and happy life, could only

only equal the sensations of the two young friends at this moment; they knew it was possible, and listened with breathless eagerness.

“ Yes, there stood the very Comte himself, who, after refusing my *petite* Ninon, one might suspect capable of any thing, a traitor !”

Ninon was again a kneeling Niobe, nor would she raise, or cease dropping tears, which went to the heart of her fond father, till, aided by the prayers of Charlotte, and the “ aye, do, my friend,” of her mother, she extorted the conditional promise of considering the De Verencourts and the De Courvilles as his friends, only so long as they were not the enemies of his constituents.”

Ninon, thus comparatively happy, thought less of the safety of the palais; but she sent a servant for intelligence, who, however, could only report from the injury the outside had sustained, Fayette having surrounded the whole building with guards.

guards. She also prevailed on her mother to accompany Charlotte and herself to the convent of La Borde, to enquire if we were at liberty; but there, to their astonishment, no answer to any enquiries could be obtained. The inflexible Abbess dared not refuse to see the wife of the great patriot; but with the old half-closed position of her eyes, she maintained an impenetrable silence in regard to Adelaide and her companion.

From the convent they drove to the Hotel de Courville, as the disturbance of the Palais de V. might well be expected to prevent our being there.

The porter had only heard that the valet of the Marquise had come to Paris, authorised to liberate Mademoiselle de C., and that he had failed in the mission. Charlotte, half distracted, insisted on enquiring at every probable place to hear of her mother, as well as friend; and Madame C. consented to go with them to Versailles.

The

The valet entrusted at such a period to escort Adelaide to her friends, was a German, who accompanied his lady from Bergen Castle, and fidelity to her, naturally included affection for her daughter.

When this faithful domestic therefore presented the order to the Abbess, and heard her positive refusal to liberate the prisoners, without a written counter order from the Mayor of Paris, he did not suffer surprise, for one moment to retard duty, but hastened to the Hotel de Ville.

The Mayor and Deputies had not returned from the mockery of the *Te Deum*. He waited, and after great difficulty obtained an audience, not doubting but the obstinacy of the Abbess, would be severely condemned by the magistrate.

He was mistaken. The Mayor of Paris was a magistrate on the new system. He listened to the whisper of an ecclesiastic, who looked like the devil at the ear of Eve, and then declined interfering on plea of business of more consequence.

“ More

“More consequence !” repeated Muller, “here is the King’s authority.”

The ecclesiastic laughed, and Muller recognised the Abbe Rocquelar; far from suspecting that a man whom he had seen so long a contented and favoured part of the suite of the Marquis, could mean to oppose the liberation of the child of his patron. Muller began to explain to him.

Rocquelar, again laughing, turned upon his heel; and the domestic, too much in haste to comment on so glaring a fact, returned to the Marquise.

As I had not mentioned seeing this wretch at the convent, her astonishment at hearing the name of Rocquelar, did not equal her fright at finding it, in the remotest degree, connected with any concern of her’s.

She hastened to the Duchess, who, though sharing with true maternal anxiety every distress of Adelaide, was now so lost in amazement, so overwhelmed with terror, and so depressed with anguish, that the
account

account of Muller's successful expedition was for a time unattended to.

Pride, the true and genuine pride of conscious worth, was at least equal to any other sentiment of the Duke de V. He listened to the good Abbe's account of the wanton depredation on his palais with a mixture of scorn and regret.

The Palais de V. was the ancient repository of all that the genius, taste, and liberality of his ancestors had collected, as they had been preserved and enlarged with religious care from father to son, and settled to remain in the family for ever. These and every other archive of his ancestors, save only what was now delivered by the Abbe, and what belonged to Languedoc, were in one moment destroyed, by, and for whom? He retired, deeply agitated, to his closet, leaving the two ladies and the Abbe to wonder, to lament, and almost to despair.

The Abbe Riccobini had experience, but no cunning. He had not, it is true, any
confidence

confidence in the religious character of Rocquelar ; but as he was wholly uninformed of the turpitude that caused his disgrace at the Hotel de C., it was impossible for him to suspect, the deep and gloomy curvings, for which he knew no motive. He, therefore, accounted for the detention of Adelaide, in the only natural way, he thought it could be accounted for, as far as Rocquelar could influence it. He supposed that the known connection of the two families of De V. and De C. might transpire among the enemies of the former, and that, as she was unquestionably safe in the convent, it was prudent to let her remain there till she could leave it without danger.

Although the Marquise knew the Abbe too well to hope any act of his, would be the result of kindness or gratitude, she too much respected the present distress of her friend to trouble her with the gloomy presentiment that pervaded her own bosom. She returned to the castle, resolved to
solicit

solicit the Queen's personal interference in behalf of Adelaide ; but there again affliction, equal, if not greater than her own, sealed her lips.

The King had already received the imperious mandate of the wretched people. He again recalled Neckar ; changed all the ostensible ministers ; and, in spite of the tears of the Queen, and the entreaties of his friends, he also agreed to satisfy the people by going to Paris.

At this period it was, when every being who was attached to the King trembled for his safety, that the Count and Countess d'Artois, the Duke of Luxemburg, the Polignacs, the Broglies, set an example, which was followed by the desertion of all those in whom honour and conscience yielded to personal danger. This defection, if I am justified in calling it so, turned the Duke's feelings from his own misfortunes, and attached them to that of his Prince.

No fear in respect to himself would
have

have prevented his personal attendance on his Sovereign; but the predicament in which his son stood with the mistaken multitude, might, in the present circumstances, have the worst consequences. The visit to Paris was a triumph to the enemies of the King, and a sad presage of misfortune to the friends of the State.

The Marquis described to us, with more than usual agitation the silent entrance of his royal master into his capital, when not even a few followers acclaimed "Long live Richard!"

His Majesty, attended only by one nobleman, and him not a minister, and followed but by one coach besides his own, left his family and friends, unable to console, and fearful of dismaying each other. The Marquis de Courville, however, and five more confidential servants, in disguise of footmen, kept near the royal person.

At the Louvre he was met by Fayette, at the head of the Paris militia, who received him with a marked coldness; while
his

his Majesty, pale, patient, and conciliating, the scenes of sanguinary violence fresh in his recollection, received the Mayor, whose presentation of the keys was an insulting avowal that the citizens had conquered their King, with courtesy, and accepted the national cockade with an assurance, his emotions almost rendered inarticulate, that his people might confide in his affections.

The people, left to themselves, are always the same. The idol Liberty, the Assembly, the patriots, were no more remembered; they beheld their *rightful Prince*, they heard his voice; he professed to love his people, and “*vive le Roi!*” in loud acclamations again followed him back to Versailles.

The Queen; but who can describe her, as with an hysterical burst of tears she rested on the bosom of her King, her friend, her husband! The Duke and Duchess, with all his friends, thronged to his feet; while Louis, who best appreciated circumstances

by comparative views, could ill conceal his regret for the past, disgust at the present, and fear for the future.

The day had been too busy and interesting to allow a thought even of Adelaide, to divert the Duke and Duchess from more important duties; but now, the King returned safe, and appearances rather mended, they called on the Marquise, to consult with her on the next best step to be taken for the release of her daughter.

The Marquise had not yet acquainted her husband with the circumstances related by Muller. No man was more master of his passions, none covered dislike with politeness more successfully; but there was an irritability in his nature towards his old tutor and quondam friend, which the information that he had interest with the man who boasted of holding the King in captivity encreased, and he could not conceal his rage when Rocquelar was mentioned.

He now took charge himself of the

King's order for the release of his daughter, and appeared with it at the convent, where he was received and answered exactly as his valet had been before ; but as it was not his business, or his interest, to dispute the authority of the Mayor, he immediately proceeded to the Hotel de Ville. The Mayor was not there, nor at home, nor to be found any where.

The Marquis resolved to wait that night in Paris ; but it was past noon **next** day, before, instead of sending to the *provot* to attend his levee, according to the custom of past times, he could obtain an audience of M. Baillie.

The Marquis expected nothing more than an apology for unnecessary trouble, and a philippic against the peevish old Abbess, when, in his pleasant manner, he shewed the King's letter, and related its reception at the convent ; but even *his nonchalance* gave way to anger and confusion, when the Mayor said he would consider, and bade him call next morning.

You

You will conceive with what difficulty a man of high fashion, who used to hold the whole body of citizens in contempt, mastered his feelings ; but though our Marquis could fight a duel and command a regiment, the ready-primed national guard, and the ungovernable citizens, taught philosophy by the unerring rule of self-preservation ; he therefore left Monsieur the Mayor.

The Marquise had accompanied him to Paris, and when he joined her at the hotel, her alarm for Adelaide became despair. It was in vain, and indeed impossible to conceal what had passed. The Marquis was obliged to return to Versailles ; but his wife, to whom perhaps a mother's agonies were somewhat new, would not leave Paris without her daughter. The uproar of anarchy had at present no terrors for her. She conjured her husband to inform the Duchess of her situation, and implored her assistance. Some mystery, which being a mystery where there needed none, must cover evil, she was sure there

was ; but as it was only suspicion, that included Rocquelar in the cause of her distress, she had not mentioned it to the Marquis. Perhaps the philosophy even of necessity would not have preserved his patience if she had.

As the evening advanced she grew more uneasy, and suddenly resolved to present herself at the grate of La Borde, as a common visitor ; but there all access was denied. The portress truly said it was no time for visits. She was leaving the porch in despair, when the Chevereux carriage drew up.

So entirely had the miserable ferment of the times, and a fear of the, as miserable situation of Adelaide, engrossed the Marquise, she had neither thought on poor Charlotte, or once recollected the interest of the Chevereux.

“ Ah, dear Marquise ! ” cried my affectionate half-distracted girl, “ we have been in search of you at Versailles. The Duchess bid me call at your hotel, and I am just
come

come from thence. For heaven's sake, do you know why mamma and Adelaide are not even permitted to see us. My poor mamma ! what has she done ? We cannot even get a letter to her."

The Marquise could not answer ; and Charlotte, having made another unsuccessful effort at the convent door, got into the Marquise's coach.

Ninon was by this time become a very important person, even in the opinion of Charlotte ; and the Marquise, understanding the interest she felt, and the active part she was disposed to take in respect to Adelaide, agreed that, besides the great power of the *Avocat*, it was but right to notice Ninon, and after again calling at her own hotel, she carried Charlotte back to the Hotel de Chevereux.

Ninon was in despair when she saw their carriage return without Charlotte, to whom she grew more attached every hour ; and even Madame C. thought nothing so pleasant as her company. It was therefore

with great pleasure they heard the Marquise and Miss St. Herman announced, although Madame C. was obliged to put on a fresh powdered *tête* before she would consent to be seen.

The heart of Ninon atoned for the absence of courtly grace. Her language was nature in its most beautiful *déshabillé*; truth, candour, and sincerity shone from her eyes, and were the unstudied rule of her conduct; and it was the mind, not the manner, which delighted all who really knew Ninon Chevereux. In addressing the Marquise, and entreating Charlotte to remain with her, at least till Adelaide was at liberty, there was a gentle sweetness that captivated; the Marquise was charmed.

Monsieur C. was again at Versailles; but both Ninon and her mother promised, for him, that he would wait on the Mayor next morning. The latter believed M. Baillie would hardly refuse his colleague so small a favour as consenting to the King's letter.

“Consenting to the King's letter!”
thought

thought the Marquise, “ Ah, what a reverse !”

So that,” continued she, “ you may reckon upon carrying your daughter home with you to-morrow.”

“ Yes,” said Ninon, “ the lovely Adelaide will be restored to her friends ; but what will become of Ninon ?—Her *one* friend will leave her ; the happy Adelaide has many. *I must part !*”

“ With who ?” interrupted her mother, “ I don’t understand. What are we taking all these pains for, driving here, and driving there, have we consented to be friends with Nobles ? Have we forgiven the Comte de Verencourt ? Do we say he is no aristocrat, when all the world know better ? and will my spouse go to M. Baillie to get this Mademoiselle out of confinement ? and all that Miss St. Herman may take herself off, as soon as she has another place to go to she likes better ? *Ma foi !* that is very pretty !”

“ You forget, Madam,” said Charlotte,

“ I have a mother, and you would not think it right, I suppose, your daughter should prefer any one to you !”

“ How often must you be told the difference,” she replied, “ between you and Ninon. Is she not the only child and heiress of M. Chevereux ? The heiress too of her grandpapa, M. d’Etoit, the great jeweller, who died long before she was born ? and are not you the poor——”

“ Very well,” interrupted Charlotte, “ I hear this too often to forget one or the other ; but I must also remind you, that it is not the most pleasant thing in the world to hear of one’s misfortunes, and you must not be surprised, if, with the most perfect regard for your daughter, I have also some consideration for myself.”

The Marquise, though she both feared and despised the purse-proud mother, could not help feeling compassion for the agony of her interesting daughter. She saw the society of Charlotte was really necessary to her peace, at a time too when she was
struggling

struggling with her heart's first and dear affections.—“ That Adelaide,” she said, “ would rejoice to be restored to the friend and companion of her youth, admitted no doubt ; but,” she added, kissing Ninon's forehead, “ Mademoiselle Chevereux is equally dear to both.”

“ Ah, Madame ! how good you are,” replied Ninon.

“ We shall not, my dear,” continued the Marquise, “ quite rob you of your friend ; on the contrary, when I resign my Adelaide to her other mother, we hope your mamma will permit you to pass much of your time with her.”

Madame C. had no objections to her daughter's visiting Nobles, because if the King and Queen behaved well, these sort of people might still be somebodies ; and certainly all that money could do, she had a right to expect herself.

“ You will, however, allow me,” said the Marquise, “ to correct a trifling mistake. Miss St. Herman is by no means the dependant you believe her. She certainly

receives from the Duchess de V., from myself, and our friends, the attention a virtuous, lively, and ingenuous mind extorts from every body ; and her society leaves a great obligation on those who have nothing better to offer in return than a paltry pecuniary consideration.”

“ All this is very fine,” replied the incorrigible mother of Ninon ; but if we, the rich Monsieur Chevereux, were to pay, we could afford to do it as well as the best Duke in France ; I except none, but——”

“ But, dear mamma,” interrupted Ninon, “ allow me, allow your daughter to arrange the little affairs of her heart. Nothing can be more just than the distinctions of the Marquise, nor more obvious than the inference. Miss St. Herman will decide for herself : to receive happiness, she will go to the Duke de V. ; to confer it, she will stay with her affectionate Ninon.”

Madame C. had sense to perceive that the Marquise was charmed with her daughter.

“ You see, Madame,” said she, bridling, “ Mademoiselle Chevereux inherits more
than

than riches from her father; yes, she can also speak."

"Let us, however," continued Ninon, blushing at her mother's vanity, "now only think of restoring the amiable Adelaide to her friends. I believe, mamma, Madame Dimanche is related to Madame Baillic. If you will permit me to visit her, I may at least ask why the King's order is evaded."

"You now see, Madame," said the gratified mother, observing the kindness with which the Marquise regarded her daughter, "a reason why my spouse and I have lately regretted Ninon was not a boy. No doubt, my dear child, Madame Dimanche will be happy to oblige *you*. There is besides her son!"

The Marquise saw the painful emotions of the ingenuous Ninon, and rose to take her leave.

"I commit myself to you," said she, addressing Madame C., but looking at her daughter.

“ And you are right,” replied she. “ I will go myself to Dimanche, and even, if necessary, to Madame Baillie, though she is but a low woman, ignorant as dirt ; but it will oblige Ninon and serve you.”

The Marquise invited them all to supper; and to Charlotte’s regret, departed without her.

The Chevereux were received by Madame Dimanche and her tall son with peculiar complaisance. Could either refuse to oblige the rich heiress, who was besides so pretty and amiable? They accompanied them to their relation, Madame Baillie, who, proud of her consequence, readily undertook to procure the magistrate’s immediate signature for the liberty of Adelaide ; but after leaving her visitors to thank the Dimanches, and congratulate each other a few moments, she returned with a countenance that presaged the bitter communication she was directed to make.—“ It was,” she said, “ happy for the young lady that

she was in a place of safety ; and it was also in pure compassion to her M. Baillie had not backed the order of the King for——”

“ How, Madame ? ” interrupted Ninon, “ Happy to be a prisoner !—denied the sight of her mother, her friends ! ”

“ Is she not,” continued Madame Baillie, “ contracted to the traitor Verencourt ? ”

“ The *traitor* ! ” repeated Ninon with animation.

“ Certainly,” joined the piqued young Dimanche. “ Rossier will be confronted with the Marchands, whose romantic testimony nobody believes.”

“ But the Marchands,” said Madame C., “ are respectable honest citizens ; Monsieur C. has long had dealings with them, and he will vouch for their integrity.”

“ *He* also may perhaps,” replied Dimanche spitefully, “ wish to clear the Comte ; but the testimony of the Marchands will, for the same reason, be suspected, since their obligations to the family of the Duke de V. is well known.”

“ And

“ And who,” whispered Charlotte to Ninon, “ are these Marchands ?”

“ I never heard of them before,” she replied ; “ they are attached it seems to the Verencourts ; but I understand nothing of the subject.”

“ Well, Madame,” said Charlotte, “ but if Mademoiselle de Courville is contracted to this *traitor*, she was in confinement at the time when he was accused, and could not be implicated in his crime.”

“ I observed that to the magistrate,” answered Madame Baillie, “ who answered ‘ the Comte has escaped the vengeance inflicted by the injured citizens on his confederate in wickedness.’—The order for the release of the daughter of the courtier De Courville and his German wife comes the very day he is seen at Versailles, and suspicion naturally follows that circumstance. If she were released, and by any accident pointed to the citizens, she would perhaps be sacrificed to the manes of those
who

who fell by the barbarous policy of her lover."

Confusion and affright made statues of Ninon and Charlotte; Madame Dimanche shuddered; Madame Chevereux, thinking of nothing so much as heads on spears, had recourse to her volatiles; and young Dimanche "grinned a ghastly smile."

Charlotte at length stammered—"But, my mother, my mother, is she, too, suspected? What has she done, that her daughter, her only child, can neither see or write to her?"

The visible agony of my poor girl affected Madame Dimanche. With great difficulty, she prevailed on her relation to return to Monsieur Mayor, and ask permission for the daughter to visit, or at least correspond with her mother.

Madame Baillie prefaced what she had now to say, with begging her relation to give her no more commissions on this subject. Madame St. Herman had been, and
was

was now, offered her liberty, but refused to accept it.

Far from being consoled by this, the young friends considered my chusing to remain in mysterious seclusion as a proof that I feared for Adelaide more than for myself; and they passed the Hotel de C. in their return home, not having courage to carry their ill success to the Marquise.

The Marquise was at the same time engaged with a visitor, as unwelcome as unexpected; one whose power was, as it proved, more than equal to that of her royal mistress—the Abbe Rocquelar.

For the secret punishment of this man's atrocious sins, it no doubt was, that he burned with an illicit passion, which time, circumstance, nor vicious habits had not power to efface. The gradual changes from the blooming virgin, the beautiful bride, the amiable mother, to the virtuous matron, still found the Abbe tormented by a passion, which, in its effect, was the secret cause

cause of his disgrace at the Hotel de C. Hatred and jealousy are inseparable, and the Marquis de C. was the object of both to the Abbe.

It was now near six years since he had only beheld the Marquise, either in public or when in disguise, he could approach near her at home. Hope—before the calamitous disorder of the times, he had not, nor indeed till he met her daughter at the abbey La Borde, had he embodied a ray of that divine essence to mingle with his many plans of determined revenge on the Marquis and herself.

But he now fancied the time might come when he could render her supremely happy, or supremely wretched. Too much interested to leave any circumstance unexplored, he had made himself master of the family history, and in the course of his indefatigable enquiries, found the clue to a part of M. Chevereux's conduct, which had puzzled his colleagues. The motives for
hatred

hatred of the Verencourts, you already know.

From shameless libertinism the Abbe at once mounted the pulpit as a devotee. His sermons, which took the complexion of the rabble, were followed and applauded. He assumed an air of sanctity, till political reform put sanctity out of countenance; then the Abbe Rocquelar became a patriot, a reformer, and a preacher of—sedition. But it was not till his talents attracted the notice of the Chief Magistrate, that power to do evil, bore any proportion to his inclination.

But, now, crafty, witty, insincere, and an atheist, the friend, confident, and private secretary of the disaffected Mayor, who, that knew the Abbe Rocquelar, did not tremble at, or kiss his feet?

“The daughter of De Courville,” said he in the secret council of the Hotel de Ville, “is the contracted bride of the traitor Verencourt! While the widows and children

children of our slaughtered brothers are mourning over *their* graves, *he* basks in court favour, and the release of his bride is the secret reward of his perfidy.—Shall the order from Versailles be obeyed?”

“No, no,” exclaimed the faction, “her life shall first atone for his!”

Now it was that the *embodied ray* flushed the sallow cheeks of Rocquelar. The life of the only child of the Marquise was in his power. He humbly suggested a medium between condemning the daughter of the courtier De Courville for the crime of her lover, and liberating her to reward him. With respect to the order from the King, “Bah! bah!” cried the faction, and the Abbe was satisfied.

When the Abbe Rocquelar was announced to the Marquise, the emotions of scorn and anger, which predominated in her mind, were overpowered by maternal solicitude. The man she thought could not have so long performed the sacred functions of religion, without at length becoming a
convert

convert to its duties. He could not dare present himself in her house without a laudable motive, and none other occurring but what might relate to Adelaide, he was admitted.

The Abbe entered with palpitating heart and trembling limbs, longing, yet not daring, to meet those eyes on which he doated.

The Marquise, secure in conscious honour, forgot every thing but a mother's anxiety, and eagerly demanded, if he brought her news of Adelaide?"

The private conversation of the Abbe had lately been chiefly confined to a scoff of all distinctions in this world and the next; but the error of his creed was at this moment in full proof—he stood abashed, and felt it was one thing to speak *of*, another to speak *to* a Noble. But the mild reception of the Marquise encouraged him: a deep crimson mounted to his face, the odious expression that once insulted her re-appeared.

“ Why

“ Why do you not speak, Monsieur l’Abbe ?” said she. “ *You can* tell me of my daughter ; you came for that purpose, else how would you dare to come at all ?”

The Abbe was not now abashed : he held a stake to humble the pride of the charming Marquise, and humbled he resolved it should be. He boldly answered that his confusion arose from the sight of the object of his adoration, after so long an absence ; but that, as she rightly judged, he would not have dared to appear before her, had not his motive been to restore her peace, even at the expence of his own.

The Marquise succeeded very ill in endeavouring to conceal her agitation ; but he, nothing dismayed, proceeded to state, that the imprisonment of her daughter had reached him through his penitent, the Abbess la Croix, that the escape of the traitor De Verencourt, and the order for the release of Adelaide de Courville, which his interest had opposed.

“ Your interest, miscreant ! Do you dare
oppose

oppose your paltry interest to the command of the King? Do you insult your benefactor through his only child?"

"If I did not adore you, Marquise——"

"Wretch, begone!"

"If I did not adore you, Marquise, my revenge would this instant afford a terrible warning for pride and cruelty. Your daughter is in *my* power!"

"I'll not believe it."

"As you please; her life is at my disposal."

"Then," and the Marquise wrung her hands in agony, "then is she lost! my child, my Adelaide is too pure, too good, to obtain favour from thee!"

"Her mother is too lovely, too much adored, not to command it," and the audacious Abbe, kneeling, seized her struggling hand, and swore that the life and liberty of Adelaide was only in her mother's power.—"Be at last propitious, Marquise," said he, "and remember, him, who is now an humble slave, dares be a terrible enemy!

Think

Think well of what I offer. Acquaint yourself with my power ; I leave you to determine. To-morrow your answer will find me at the Hotel de Ville."

The Marquise was left in such a state of affright and amazement, as almost made her doubt the reality of the scene that had passed.

That a person of the Abbe's consideration should dare enter the house of the Marquise de Courville, to insult and threaten his wife ! and that he could by any possible means have possessed himself with power to do so with impunity, appeared as incomprehensible as incredible. One fatal fact was, however, certain, her daughter, if not in *his* power, was out of *her's*. She expected to *hear* from the Marquis, if not to *see* him. He was not come, nor did any courier arrive. Never before had the poor Marquise so punctually marked the passing moments with tears. She expected the Chevereux ; they too would surely not disappoint her !

They

They at length arrived. She flew to meet them. Ninon's tears prevented her speech. Charlotte, pale as death, threw her arms round the Marquise's neck. Madame C. entreated some cordial might be brought for her, which having swallowed, "To fill the mouth with hay!" she exclaimed—"Ah, poor Foulon! he was almost as rich as Monsieur Chevereux!"

"But, Monsieur Berthier," cried Ninon in an accent of horror.

The Marquise gazed on the pale visage of each, and hardly dared to ask the success of the visit to Dimanche; but judge her grief, her horror, her despair, when the result of the application to Madame Baillie confirmed the barbarous fact and brutal threat of the wretch Rocquelar: when the danger of every being, against whom the frenzied populace took offence, right or wrong, was exemplified, by the inhuman scenes they had been obliged to witness in the streets, between the hotel Chevereux and that of De Courville.

Foulon,

Foulon, an army commissary, who having amassed great riches, and panic struck when the King's visit to Paris was announced, followed the example of his betters, and resolved to emigrate ; but, loth to leave his riches behind, he took refuge in the house of a man whose fortune he had made.

“ *Where there is virtue, there is friendship ;*” but as poor Foulon was never accused of the former, and his dependant, as little capable of the latter ; he betrayed his benefactor, who was seized, hung, and decapitated.

While this fine operation was performing, somebody recollected—what probably never happened—his saying “ if he ever was minister, he would make the malcontents eat hay,” on which the mouth was exhibited, stuffed full.

Poor Berthier, who had no other crime than being son-in-law to Foulon, happening to arrive in Paris the same day, was seized, and dragged to the fatal *lanterne* ; he however snatched a bayonet from one

of the many national guards, who calmly witnessed the barbarous scene, and, though he fell covered with wounds, sold his life very dear. But I must not dismiss this victim without giving you a trait of the national guard, that will prepare you for every thing relative to them. The very wretch who suffered his bayonet to be wrested from him, and immediately slunk away, returned, when Berthier was dead, plunged his hands into the reeking wound, tore out the heart, and carried it before the head, *as a trophy of valour*.

Madame C.'s carriage was, unfortunately inclosed by the crowd while this horrid business went on; but—I fly from the retrospect; you will conceive the terror it inspired. The supper was served in the usual style of magnificence, but nobody could eat; neither was Madame C.'s attention, though she did not part with the cordial, attracted by any of the elegance that surrounded her. The death of Foulon, “almost as rich a man as her husband!” was
a subject

a subject of equally terrific meditation to her, as the situation of Adelaide was to the Marquise.

Day broke, and they had not courage to separate; Monsieur C. had apprised his family he should stay that night at Versailles, and the Marquise proposed an arrangement becoming very convenient to Madame C. who, though of temperate general habit, had emptied the cordial bottle. Ninon sent home the carriage, and they remained that night at the Hotel de Courville.

The Marquise, herself every moment expecting a courier from the Marquis, and still in fancy listening to the threat of the frightful Abbe, did not go to bed, neither did Ninon or Charlotte. The day advanced, no courier from the Marquis. The hour of twelve drew nigh.—“God direct me!” she cried. The horrors of the preceding night recurred: she saw her Adelaide in the merciless grasp of a furious mob.—“Oh once more,” said she, “I will try to soften that tyger!” and in five minutes

after she had dispatched a billet to him, and excused herself to the young friends, he appeared.

The lascivious triumph of his eyes belied the humble bend of his body ; and the Marquise sought to awaken pity where it never had a residence.

“ You could not expect, Monsieur l’Abbe,” said she, “ after our interview yesterday, I should send for you ; but you see me humbled to the dust : every offence you have taken is avenged. Have pity on me—I implore your compassion—release my child.”

“ Loveliest of women,” replied the Abbe, “ you know the terms. Ah, you kneel, but do not, my soul is prostrate before you ; but I cannot recede, you know the terms.”

“ Why,” cried the Marquise, hardly able to conceal her indignation, “ do you force from me sentiments of abhorrence ? suffer me to esteem you, let me honour the preserver of my child ! Oh, Monsieur l’Abbe !

P'Abbe ! let your heart be acquainted with the delight of a virtuous action !”

“ You trifle, Madame. I have no arguments ; I will be influenced by none : be mine at once, unequivocally mine, and your daughter shall be restored to you in safety.”

“ Begone ! begone ! I will not believe the life of the innocent is consigned to such as thee ! Oh go, go ! blast not my sight with thy hideous presence !”

The Marquise trembled as she spoke ; to be insulted ! to bargain with her own honour for the preservation of her daughter ! was too much, she fell senseless at his feet, and in that instant the Marquis drove into the court.

The terror of guilt seized the Abbe. To be found in that house without strong, indisputable, and satisfactory reasons, was certain death. What to do, to invent, or contrive, he knew not ; he heard the Marquis's voice, and listened, in hopes he would go, as formerly, to his own apart-

ment first ; but no, he enquired for the Marquise, and was approaching—in this desperate moment he rejoiced at the situation of the Marquise. Her billet was in his pocket. He ran to the corridor, and pretended to be calling for assistance when the Marquis appeared.

What a spectacle presented !—The Abbe in his house, in his wife's apartment, who was lying senseless on the floor !

“ Villain !” he cried, “ explain, this moment ! What means this ? How dare you be here ?”

The Abbe was already collected.—“ The Marquise,” said he, “ will best do that ;—I but obey her summons.”

“ 'Tis false, thou arch imposter !” retorted the Marquis, “ she could not, dared not be so humble !”

“ Perhaps,” replied the Abbe, who wished for nothing so much as to be kicked out of the hotel before the Marquise recovered, “ perhaps it was a contrary sentiment ; there was nothing so very humble, my

Lord

Lord Marquis, in requesting an interview with the Private Secretary of the Mayor of Paris !”

“ Ha, wretch !” replied the Marquis, “ thou and thy office are well suited. I now see to whom I owe the masked insult that has thus affected the Marquise ; but mark me, Abbe, thou and I are no strangers, the revenge thou art gratifying against this insulted woman, shall not be thy boast !—If a hair of my daughter’s head be injured, thy life, however guarded by villains like thyself, shall be the penalty !—Begone ! I blush to hear that any distress, and it must have been bitter, could induce *my wife* to hold one moment’s parley with thee.—Begone ! before I tread thee to atoms !”

The Abbe needed no second warning : he scarce believed himself safe when snugly seated on the left hand of the Mayor, at the Hotel de Ville.

After such a night and such a day, the

situation of the Marquise did not surprise, though it grieved her friends; neither, as she was silent on the subject of personal insult, did the Marquis consider her sending for Rocquelar as an impolitic expedient, though it was one he could not approve. The answer of M. Baillie to the requisition from Versailles, had satisfied the Duke and Duchess, that the detention of Adelaide for the present, was a precaution of kindness; and as it was impossible to say where there was a safe asylum from the savage fury of the rabble, or to guess who would be the next victim, the Marquis came to Paris to escort the Marquise back with him to Versailles.

Charlotte, no longer desiring to leave the place of her mother's seclusion, returned with Ninon, as soon as the Marquise recovered enough to be lifted into the carriage.

"Only think," said Madame C. the moment her husband returned from Versailles,

sailles, "only think of their hanging Foulon, for nothing in the world but because he was rich, and ripping up Berthier because he married the heiress."

Madame C. was now perpetually lamenting with her own nervous affections. Monsieur C. complained of a head-ache; but he made a short speech in praise of taciturnity; and, on the credit of a moral philosopher, proved, to demonstration, that silence "was the gift of the gods."

"'Tis a gift, however," answered Madame C. peevishly, "I would not thank them for. What would have become of all your fine speeches with such a gift as that? You see when Foulon's mouth was filled with straw, he had that gift. I am sure I wish the *diable* had the gods who gave it to him."

Monsieur C. had been on the minor side of the last debate in the Assembly. This was new; but it was not pleasant. The intelligence which greeted his arrival at home was also new, and still less pleasant.

It was indeed out of the order of things. If patriots were to hang a man for being rich, what a cursed thing was the patriotism, on which he had wasted so many fine speeches. His head-ache grew worse. Ninon bathed his temples. He kissed her forehead, cheeks, and hands.—“ Rip a man up for marrying an heiress!!” thought Monsieur Chevereux.

A proclamation, calling on all good citizens to keep the peace, cured Monsieur C.’s head-ache for the present ; but it returned next day, when the *Sieur Chatel*, having taken some liberties, not approved of by the company of bakers, was strangled in the church of *St. Dennis*, so Monsieur Chevereux was indisposed again, and he was attended by the two prettiest nurses in Paris.

In the meantime, the family of the Duke de Verencourt, were sharing the bitter lot of humanity ; they saw themselves gradually deprived of every beloved source of happiness that did not entirely depend on them-

selves, and even these, were now, imbittered by fears for the safety of those objects of their love, and by that effect on the health of the body, which a series of internal sufferings is sure to produce.

The honest, grateful, indefatigable Marchand had appeared before the Assembly, as well as among his fellow-citizens, at the Hotel de Ville. He had sworn and collected evidence from the surviving invalids to corroborate his own, that the Comte de Verencourt, so far from occasioning the death of the citizens in the court of the Bastile, had actually saved the lives of thousands. He had been confronted with Rossier; yet, though Monsieur Baillie professed *himself* convinced, he would not answer for the people, he refused to sign the order to liberate Mademoiselle de Courville:—and he was too much engaged in affairs of more consequence to permit her intercourse with her friends.

The Marquise was too much humbled

by the vile passion of Rocquelar to speak of it, even to the Marquis, and as there was no other ostensible motive but personal danger in the continued detention of Adelaide, the Duke, considering the necessity of such a caution as equally affecting his son, prohibited his return till all danger was passed.

The Comte continued at the frontiers, in daily hope of his recall, and distracted about Adelaide, who he heard was still in confinement. Packets on packets, addressed both to me and her, lay at the Duke's and at Monsieur Chevereux ; but as none were delivered, so none could be answered.

The Chevalier, whose heart, torn with contending passion, still adoring Adelaide, and still anxious to circumvent his elder brother, was also extremely hurt at her situation. He came to Paris *incog.* at the time when the hourly murders gave a colour to the excuse of the Mayor; and notwithstanding Charlotte, “ daughter of
the

the felon St. Herman," fixed the eye of a lynx on all his actions, maintained his footing at the Hotel Chevereux.

At this period it was that Neckar, recalled to a post of more danger than honour, addressed the citizens, as he had before done in the Assembly, with all that pathetic persuasion, sweetness of expression, and energy which characterized his declamation. He proved that the welfare of the state was in their hands; he drew the most affecting picture of the disorder of the capital, and, by their example, the kingdom; he implored them to be united in one cause, and to pass an act of general amnesty of the past.

The enthusiasm of the orator communicated to his auditors, his tears excited theirs, and the amnesty was unanimously decreed, and as this earnest of general tranquillity was permitted to reach our dismal cell, though, except the horrid callendar of murders, nothing else had.

But

But this was the last gleam of sunshine that was permitted to beam on the devoted capital. The opposition of Mirabeau and his party, the de O. faction, proved that whatever were the *vox populi*, it did not reach their black hearts. In the very moment Neckar was pleading for "peace and good will," their faction, mingled with hordes of desperate villains, and pretended to know that the object of the Court, was to lull the people into false security, till the emigrants returned, and with foreign aid, avenge themselves on the assertors of liberty.

The alarm-bells were immediately rung, the palais royal illuminated, and the most frightful menaces uttered. The deputies, in a body, deprecated the impending calamity, rescinded the amnesty, and laid all the odium on Neckar.

After this storm had subsided, the capital became again tolerable quiet, and the Duke de V. made an excursion from Versailles.

to,

to Paris, to inspect the depredations on a palace which had many centuries been the seat of princely hospitality, the resort of *savans*, the asylum of misfortune, and the emporium of elegance. He now found it a melancholy monument of riotous barbarism ! almost tottering under the dilapidation it had suffered, and all its uniform beauty destroyed.

At the same moment, when a sentiment of proud indignation glowed in his heart, the Duke did not forget the miracle, by which his darling son had escaped from the same ruthless hands, by whom his property was thus violated. He gave no order for the repair of his *palais* ; but he became the more anxious about the safety of his son.

He returned to his Duchess, to acquaint her that her only certain and unchangeable residence was in his heart ; and to ask her participation in the thankful joy he felt, that it was his *palais*, not his *son*, on whom
the

the infatuated Parisians had wreaked their rancour.

The Chevalier, piqued by the stern reproaches of his father, and little disposed to respect a mother-in-law, who, he said, had contrived nothing for him but misery, seldom visited Versailles.

It was no difficult matter for him, who was so great a favourite with Madame Chevereux, to gather from her all she knew of the De Courvilles; and he resolved to acquaint himself with a person, whose influence appeared to be of the greatest importance, in relation to the only part of the family, about whom he was interested.

One introduction was sufficient to render the Abbe Rocquelar as much the favourite of the Chevalier de Verencourt, as he had heretofore been that of the Marquis de Courville; and when the former consented to be introduced to the private parties at the Palais de O., at Monsieur Baillie's, and at the jacobin club, he secured the best
offices

offices of the Abbe, in all his private, as well as his public concerns.

Such conduct, however, in an officer who commanded a regiment, could not escape observation; it was reported at Versailles, and reached the Duke.

This was a blow for which the heart of that good man was not prepared. He returned from the castle, to seek consolation in the arms of his Julia.

The Duchess was little less concerned than himself, though, from the subject of Charlotte's letters, perhaps better prepared to meet what overwhelmed her noble husband with shame, grief, and regret; but all her endeavours to reconcile him to a conduct which could reflect no culpability on himself, were vain.

“ I could have borne,” said he, “ yes, had my noble, my amiable son been torn to pieces by the Paris banditti, the father could have never ceased to mourn, and to embalm his memory with tears from the vital stream of my heart; but the subject,
the

the native Frenchman, would have found consolation even in despair: *now* I mourn a son more lost than if laid, his honour untainted, in the tomb with my ancestors. Oh Julia, Julia! am I then the first of my noble race who have given being to the enemy of his King, the traitor of his country!"

The Duke's peace, his health, his happiness thus destroyed, by the retrograde conduct of his son, alarmed the Duchess for the consequences. She wrote to the Chevalier, beseeching him to present himself at Versailles, to vindicate his own character, and restore the peace of the best of fathers.

The baneful influence of one unfortunate passion had so entirely changed the natural traits of his disposition, that he ceased to recognise the principles, the affections, or the honour of his own character.

But his passions were a perfect whirlwind. The letter from the Duchess affected him; and recollecting besides, that should the Duke happen to die, while the ill
impression

impression lasted, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to regain the favour of his step-mother, he resolved to give himself the credit of implicit obedience.

He was received by the Duchess with unaffected pleasure. The Duke was seriously indisposed; but she flattered herself the presence of his son, and the proofs he offered of his having been calumniated, which satisfied her, would have the same effect on his father, and facilitate his recovery from a low fever, which baffled the art of his physicians.

“ Charles arrived !” said the Duke. “ Oh, my Julia ! did you not send for him ? Yes, I see you did ; but does he come into my presence with a clear character ? Is his honour unstained, his loyalty unimpeached ?”

The Duchess would vouch for all.

The Duke's health had been declining longer than he would acknowledge. While suffering with and for the King, his heart, too great to complain, had received a mortal shock,

shock. When compelled to forbid his darling son his presence ; when he was sent to the Bastile ; when forced to withhold from a son, whose life had been a series of affectionate duty, the consolation so dear to a prisoner, from the friend he loves ; when he saw murder in every face, and heard the hideous yell of anarchy in every voice that approached his house ; when again this beloved son must be torn from his sight ; the hero who merited a Roman triumph, must fly like a base criminal ! Ah ! there needed not so fatal a wound as the defection of his second son, to hasten the premature end of such a father !

Although displeased and indignant when the Chevalier bent his knee, the father predominated.—“ Do I,” said he, “ indeed embrace my son ? Are not my eyes blasted by the sight of a rebel to his father, his King, and the laws of his country ? ”

“ No, Sir,” replied the Chevalier, “ my heart swells with the sentiments of dutiful affection for my father ; I bear the King’s
commission,

commission, which I will never disgrace ; and I respect the laws, which my sword shall maintain."

" Then, indeed, you are my son," and the Duke tenderly raised him.

" Did I not tell you ?" said the Duchess.

" Yes," replied her fond husband, " all angel as you are, your voice is even the herald of peace.—Oh, my son, if you outlive me, remember my obligations here."

" Outlive !" repeated Julia, " it is yourself, my dear Lord, who must protect your Julia. You must *now* be well, for are you not happy ?"

The Duke thought of the dear absentee, and sighed—" Comparatively so."

She continued.—" We shall soon again have the Comte and Adelaide, and dear St. Herman. What treasures may we not yet call our own ? Oh we are children, and knowing not the value of what we possess, think only on toys we have not."

The Chevalier did not speak of those
coming

coming blessings, which he yet devoutly hoped never would come.

But he drew near his noble parent, and with the utmost humility of word and action, deprecated that rejection, which the silent waving hand of the Duke meant at his entrance should be final. He implored the patient hearing, which would clear his honour, although the faults of which he was guilty, would only be accounted for by a passion he was too weak to conquer.

The severity of the Duke's countenance relaxed, and the Duchess, laying her hand on his, was all attention.

I shall not, my dear Lady N., give you the Chevalier's defence in his own words. You already suspect, that his intimacy with Rocquelar had for its object the plan which so well succeeded ; for while we were literally entombed from all the world besides, the Chevalier was permitted to visit the Convent La Borde, and in the disguise of a friar, actually accompanied
Rocquelar

Rocquelar into the parlour. If, as he pretended, this indulgence was granted at the peril of his life, the transports of Adelaide at sight of one friend, after the many horrors that had reached us, would have overpaid the hazard.

Ignorant of every thing passing in the world, but the sanguinary violence of which we only partially heard, it was impossible for me to judge of the truth or falshood of his representations. The one comfort that he afforded us, and one that he obtained for himself, was, however, past dispute—our friends were not the victims of the insubordinate crew, and he not only saw Adelaide himself, but also saw she received him with boundless joy, and parted from him with sensible regret; and he appealed to the feelings of his father, whether he had, by a simulation of sentiments he did not feel, bought such an indulgence too dear. But he did not add, that he had joined the interest of his own heart to that of the catiff Rocquelar; that,
deviating

deviating from every principle inculcated by the good Riccobini, and enforced by the example of his noble father, he actually had resolved to obtain Adelaide at any sacrifice, and bound himself to the interest of Rocquelar as long as she continued secluded from every other friend.

He did not, however, yet know his father; for though adoration of Julia had been the ruling star of his life, he would not have purchased her by even a seeming deviation from honour or duty, and therefore, entirely reprobating the whole of his son's conduct, ordered him immediately to join his regiment.

"Once," said he, "Charles, once I forgive you—perfection is not for man; but remember I tell you, was this passion, which, in despite of what you owe your elder brother——

The Chevalier coloured, his lips quivered. His emotions did not escape the Duke.—
"Charles," said he, "do you perceive an alteration in my health?"

The

The son's eyes filled with tears, he even sobbed; the alteration was indeed too visible.

"If," continued the Duke, "you do not wish to destroy your father," and he extended both his folded hands.

What was there, in filial love, the Chevalier did not at that moment feel? what of duty, he did not promise.

"Yes," said he, "I will return to the army; I tear myself from my too, too lovely Adelaide! Live, my best of fathers, live to bless a son who feels he cannot emulate all your virtues, but who will endeavour."

"To endeavour, is to succeed," replied the Duke; "however hard the conflict between duty and inclination, in minds sensible to justice, victory is certain, and happiness the reward."

The Chevalier wept in his embrace; he alternately pressed the hand of his mother-in-law to his heart and lips.

The physician, who was now announced, complained of the pulse of his patient. Turning to the Chevalier with an air of recollection—"I believe," said he, "I had the honour to meet you with the Abbe Rocquelar, and——"

"With who?" interrupted the Duke.

"With the Abbe Rocquelar, I think, the Chevalier de Verencourt, if I mistake not, who supped with the Duke de O. and his private party, the evening I was called to the palais to attend Madame S."

As some intimacy had subsisted between the families before the Duke de O. became the public and avowed apostate of every sentiment of honour, the Duke was willing to hope accident had carried the Chevalier into such company; but the physician, whose secret principles were jacobinical, and not doubting but the Chevalier's were the same, would not lose an opportunity of recommending himself to a person in
the

the confidence of De O., small as appeared his encouragement.

“ Yes, assuredly,” he continued, “ and I have also,” lowering his voice, “ seen you at the club.”

“ The club !” repeated the Duke in a tone of voice that made the physician start from his seat, “ what club ?”

The man began to fear he was an indiscreet babbler.

“ Are you, Sir,” asked the Duke, flaming with angry expectation, “ member of a club ? or does *this man* slander my son to his father ?”

“ Slander, Monsieur le Duke !” and the physician, who was not enamoured with the “ this man,” coloured in his turn.

“ The Chevalier will not deny that he is a member of the Jacobine Club ? nor that I have frequently seen him there ?”

The soul of the noble, the subject, the father, was in the simple command, “ answer, Sir.”

The Chevalier dared not trifle, he could not deny, and would not prevaricate ; but his assenting bow almost annihilated his father, and petrified the Duchess, who had so late and kindly vouched for his principles.

The Chevalier rose to fly from the storm he saw gathering on the brow of the Duke, who was in the act of seizing his sword.

The Duchess threw herself in the utmost affright before her husband, and the awful hand of Heaven stayed paternal vengeance.

The life-blood of the Duke covered the parricide, who now, distracted with fear and guilt, flew to the assistance of his expiring parent. A blood vessel was broken, and the soul of honour left its earthly mansion.

Oh, Lady N., all this happened ! my Julia beheld her loved husband expire ! She yet had before her the ingrate who was the cause of his death ; even her own people were almost too much affected to
assist

assist her, and I was not present.—Her friend, who should have suffered with and for her, was a voluntary prisoner at the moment when the sister of her heart was no longer sensible of the irreparable loss of the best of husbands.

The physician, who was the only witness of the last sad scene, bled the insensible relict, and then hastened to inform the Marquise of the awful event.

The death of any potentate in Europe, except only Joseph, who was also in ill health, could not have excited more general regret. The Duke de V., indeed, might be truly said to have been a man “whose life was the history of virtue, for its occupation was benevolence, its actions humanity.” You cannot doubt how the sad event was received at the castle. The Marquise immediately attended her friend; it was indeed the house of mourning.

In the vestibule, on the stairs, in the antichamber, were seen the domestics on
F 3 their

their knees, their faces covered, but audibly sobbing; the father of his family, of his servants, of the poor, the friend of mankind was no more!—They were too much occupied with their own loss to think of respect to her—she passed them unnoticed to the chamber of the Duchess, who, recovered to the bitter sense of her loss, though scarce crediting her senses, was kneeling before the family confessor. Her devotion at that moment perhaps saved her intellects; she rather suffered the embrace of the Marquise than returned it; she called on St. Herman, on Adelaide, on the Comte, her own, her beloved son, she said *he* ever should be! But why dwell on a scene to which no pen can do justice.—Her's “was the soul whose virtues unite heaven with earth, gods with men.”

The Chevalier remained in the chamber with the body of his departed father, his agonies, his distraction, unutterable; he, however, attended the summons of the
Marquise,

Marquise, who wished to consult him on the express which the Duchess desired might be sent to his brother. He would not speak on, nor hear of the concerns of the family ; “ he was an outcast, not fit to live ; his despair, his penitence would hurry him to madness ; but his post, too, too late near the remains of his blessed father, should not be abandoned ; he implored her to ask the prayers of the Duchess, her blessing he never could hope for,” and he returned to the chamber of death.

An express was dispatched to the Comte, and the Marquise remained with her friend, who, grieving like one aspiring to the bliss already enjoyed by its kindred spirit, after consenting to the embalmment of her husband, devoted herself to the exercises of religion, and, accompanied by the Marquise, attend private mass every day in her own oratory, while expecting the arrival of the Comte ; but though the

F 4

quietude

quietude in which she indulged her private sorrows was soon succeeded by anarchy and outrage, I close this packet before I enter on the barbarous particulars, ever remaining,

Dear Lady N.,

Your's,

H. ST. HERMAN.

PACKET

PACKET XII.

THE restoration of order without delay, incessantly demanded of Neckar, but which in fact depended on the people themselves, and the *immediate* redress of those grievances that required both time and patience, convinced their idol of the impossibility of retaining his popularity ; and it was in vain that the Deputies, once the oracles of the Assembly, urged the unanimity necessary to compass the one, and the period it must take to establish the other. There was an outcry for bread : it was equally without effect they were reminded

that hanging bakers and burning corn was not the way to prevail on contractors to expose their property to the same calamity.

“ They have plenty at Versailles,” replied the faction and the *poissardes*, who, having abandoned their occupations for the delight of crying liberty and equality, were extremely offended to find that without work there would be some difficulty about eating, repeated “ They have plenty at Versailles !”

“ Yes,” replied Neckar ; “ but the people at Versailles do not hang nor burn, *they* only pay for the provisions they eat.”

“ But they shall not eat,” said a *poissarde*, “ they shall only pay, it is we, the people, who have established liberty, that shall eat ;” and at Versailles they were not only eating, but very unwisely feasting.

The Count d’Estainge, whose affairs had called him to Paris, was apprised of the volcano now on the point of bursting. The national guards, of whom you can

only judge from the anecdote when Berthier was murdered, began to think it should be their distinct privilege to guard the King. The hint only of such a privilege very naturally suggested to D'Estaing the propriety of doubling the guards already on that duty. The regiment of Flanders Dragoons were accordingly joined to the Guard du Corp; and the officers of the former, not dreaming of offence to thieves, desperadoes, and fishwomen, invited those of the latter to a supper and ball, which, by the Queen's permission, was given in the Royal Palace.

All the women of rank at Versailles were invited, including those, who not occupying any post, could not properly be called of the Court.

The events that followed this feast has attached great blame to the feast itself; but surely, Lady N., when you consider the Queen, as a woman still young; her royal descent adorned with wit, beauty, elegance and grace; scorned, dishonoured,

and insulted; surely we cannot wonder, that, secretly sensible of the ungrateful pusillanimity of the friends by whom she was deserted, she should be desirous of conciliating the regards of those who remained, and, since rich rewards for faithful service was no longer in her power, to impress the new-comers with such sentiments as would best insure the performance of the sacred duty to which they were now called.

The King, who could not be indifferent to the loss of his long-tried friend, accompanied her with reluctance; but she gave her beautiful daughter to his protection, and towering, as she allowedly did above thousands of her sex, in loveliness of person and suavity of manners, carried the Dauphin in her own arms.

The enthusiasm of loyalty, which, in spite of all that democratic sceptics can say to the contrary, is a natural and real sentiment, had suddenly greeted the King from the hard hearts of a Paris mob, and
how

how much greater the effect on polished and sensible men, beholding their King, such a King ! Oh, when will that infatuated country see his like ! The Queen, her lovely children, the amiable, the perfect Madame Elizabeth, the venerable and respectable aunts, the brother of their King, his wife, all bearing the certain marks of the blood royal, all too insulted, outraged, and in affliction !

Enthusiasm spurned the bounds of cold and regular etiquette ; the cause was before them for which they were willing to offer themselves and all their dearest attributes. They drew their swords, and swore to perish with them in their hands rather than desert their Sovereign. The saloon rebounded with “ *vive le Roi !* ” “ *et la Reine !* ” The royal visitors pledged them and withdrew, leaving every man a hero, every woman an amazon. The ladies took the ribbands from their own dresses to decorate the champions of the King. The song of “ *Oh, Richard ! Oh, mon Roi !* ” was chorussed

chorussed by the whole Assembly, and the evening ended as it began, in loyal conviviality.

Rocquelar visited our convent the succeeding day. There were things we *were*, and others we were *not* to hear; this was of the former description.

“How ill advised is our poor King,” said the Abbess. “What an abandoned woman is the Queen; while the poor Parisians are groaning with famine!”

There stood before her part of a large rich cake, and a goblet of wine, of which Rocquelar had been sharing.

“A famine!” I repeated, glancing at the table.

“Yes, Madame,” she replied with spirit, “you who share the comforts of our poor sisterhood, without witnessing the care and labour by which it is procured, would not suspect that all Paris are at this moment crying for bread; but the hour of retribution is approaching, and——”

“I wish

“ I wish it were come with all my heart,” interrupted Adelaide, “ that we might——”

“ Remove from hence, Mademoiselle, I presume.”

Adelaide bowed.

“ But in that case *you* might also be crying for bread.”

The black look of La Croix portended one of the many hurricanes that had confined us whole days to our stone table, old crucifix, one stool, and hard bed, so I threw a tub to the whale, by civilly requesting her to explain what she meant by the “ hour of retribution.”

“ It is precisely this, Madame,” darting a fierce look at Adelaide before her eyelids dropped to the old position, “ one may bear and bear, but worms will turn. There has been a feast at Versailles, a shameful one. Maria Antoinette, who it grieves me to say is in no respect a temperate woman, drank (I will thank you to reach me the goblet) like a fish, and her wicked courtiers did

did the same. Some good citizen proposed the national toast ; but they scouted that. Poor creatures, I pray for them, but, as our pious Abbe said, without hope ; but a woman—Ah women have done wonders, it is by them that the glory of France will be restored !”

As the Abbess had her information from good hands, I was curious to understand what particular feat of female heroism was in petto.

A virago from an obscure quarter vociferating for bread by beat of drum, joined by others of her own sort, drew after them females of all description, to the incredible number of eighty thousand, who paraded the streets, and with horrid imprecations, menacing death and destruction, reached the Hotel de V. .

“ What the ladies of Versailles have began,” said they, “ the Paris women will finish.”

See how the Marquis la Fayette conducted himself on the occasion. No one
ever

ever doubted his courage. The national guard were under his command, and at that time he was their god ; yet he suffered the furies to proceed, without any attempt on his part, or that of the Mayor, to disperse them, and with a young citizen, who, in spite of his resistance, they obliged to head them, the whole crew proceeded to Versailles.

In the mean time the commander of the national guards and the chief magistrate of Paris were deliberating, with great philosophy, at the Hotel de Ville, on the protection of the Royal Family at Versailles, and it was at length agreed that the guard should *follow* the mob ; they ought to have *preceded*.

The Assembly, among whom the influence of the faction increased, were, in the moment the outrageous mob appeared, reprobating the increase of guard at the Castle ; but the reasonables recanted when the furious visitors appeared.

A deputation

A deputation, headed by the unlucky young citizen, insisted that at the last night's feast the national cockade had been discarded and trampled under foot by all the officers of the Court; they demanded it should immediately be resumed.

The Marquis de Courville was present: he handed his hat across the table with the national cockade in it, and the scream of "*vive le Roi!*" almost deafened the Assembly. The next grievance was demanded; but none could be recollected.

Mallard, the young citizen, heartily sick of his promotion, reminded them of bread.

A second scream rung the hall, this was "*vive Mallard!*"

The Assembly promised every thing, right or wrong, even a deputation to the King, in which the furies insisted some of them should be included.

When the Marquis de Courville met the King on his return from hunting, he affected, though ill enough at ease himself, to make
light

light of the promiscuous multitude who crowded the avenues, and entreated His Majesty not to be frightened.

“ I am surprised certainly,” said His Majesty ; “ but if you mean personal fear, I know not what it is.”

On entering the royal presence, the ferocity of the women vanished ; one fainted, the rest pressed, in tears, out of the crowd, and returned to Paris without rejoining their companions.

Louis, never so much a King as when afflicted and environed with dangers, was at this moment superior to both, and the furies would have returned shouting to Paris, had not the exertion of the morning, and long walk, feelingly reminded them of the scarcity of provisions.

Nothing, however, was neglected to restore them to good humour. The whole neighbourhood were put in requisition for food. A meal of all sorts was served to them in the hall of the Assembly, and carriages of every description that could

be

be procured, engaged to assist them back.

The Queen, who with her family and ladies had retired to the most distant corner of the Castle, now ventured to appear at the window, whence the Marquis pointed to her observation two tall figures, in female attire, very active among the crowd, with whom he discovered the traitor de O., disguised in a shabby grey frock, large boots, and rusty flapped hat. The Queen, who felt an instinctive horror at his name, drew back; the Marquis still remained at the window.

The ostensible object of the riotous visit over, the reasonable part of the mob had returned to Paris; but thousands still remained, who, with such a monster to inflame them, were becoming really terrible. This the Marquis noted, and forgetting the indubitable mark that distinguished him, resolved to observe the motions of the recreant Prince and his two female, if they were female, companions. He accordingly
changed

changed his dress, and mingled with the crowd.

“ Yes,” said a *poissard*, who was addressing them, “ we will chop off the head of the German wolf, and make a fricasee of her heart !”

The Marquis saw he was not mistaken, it was indeed de O., who “ shaking the snakes which the furies put into his hand,” was laughing loud at this pleasantry ; and the Marquis, still advancing, discovered in the female masculine figures the elder Mirabeau and La Closs. Satisfied that he was not deceived, he was retreating with caution, when he recognised another face, too well known to be mistaken ; it was the Abbe Rocquelar in the dress of a *poissard*. Certain some further design actuated this desperate junto, he retreated ; but before he reached the cordon of the *Guard de Corps*, the motions of the Abbe convinced him that *he* at least, was aware of the detection.

The rain now began to pour in torrents
on

on the desperate wretches, whose imprecations and horrible blasphemy filled the Queen and her women with terrors, at which the men at first smiled ; but the furies continuing to curse and draw nearer the *Guard de Corp*, soon made them serious. To fire on women was beneath manhood, though among those who now disgraced their sex were known to be a number of desperate men, disguised in female habits.

The Castle was now all alarm. The windows broken, the iron gates beat down, the Queen and her children locked in the embraces of the King, and the rest of the Royal Family crowded into his apartment, when the torches of the national guard, with Fayette at their head, were seen to approach. Had the zeal of that General been exerted to prevent, as it now was to disperse the rabble, what misery to his King, what misfortunes to his country, and what regret to himself would not have been spared.

The mob retired from the Castle to the
hall

hall of the Assembly, and those who could not find room there filled the churches. The King, confiding in Fayette, retired to rest, and the Nobles who had no apartments at the Castle, to their houses.

At daybreak what a spectacle ! thousands and thousands of half-famished wretches, cold, wet, and hungry, glaring with rage and every feature distorted, rushed to the Castle, and entered in all directions before the alarm was given.

The Marquise, who had laid down in her clothes, was awakened by the cry of “ save the Queen ! ” She hastened to her apartment.—“ Oh my children ! save, save my children ! ” repeated that unfortunate woman, while an attendant, disabled by fright, was vainly endeavouring to put on her robe.

The Marquise ran to the chamber of the Princess, whom, hardly awake, she brought back with her, and met the Queen, still crying—“ Oh save, Oh save my children ! ”

The King, sensible only to the danger
of

of his family, conveyed the Queen and his daughter to his chamber, where the Princess Elizabeth was found on her knees, with the Dauphin in her arms.

Screams, expletives, imprecations, and threats reached them from all parts. The pannels of the doors were broken, the furniture torn down, and several gentlemen who guarded the apartments killed on the spot; others desperately wounded, and nothing but death expected by the Royal Family, when a sudden pause, a silence, even more awful than the late uproar, was followed by Fayette and his guards—cruel cold-blooded Fayette! at the last desperate moment——But he has lived to gnaw the dust for this.

When the crowd dispersed, and the danger appeared to subside, their Majesties anxiously enquired after their friends. Many, too many were missing; many mangled bodies found in the apartments, and many still breathed, mortally wounded.

The Marquise was seized with affright;
she

she could no where perceive the Marquis ; she hastened towards the stairs, enquiring of every one for her husband. A guard met her, bearing the Marquis alive, but speechless, and a poniard sticking to the hilt in his back.

Overwhelmed with grief and terror, but still anxious to assist her murdered Lord, she aided his removal to a bed, and supported his head on her bosom, till, the weapon being drawn out, he instantly expired.

I need not add to this tragedy, that the Marquise was tenderly attended to ; no lady of the Court was more beloved, or more respected than her.

The presence of the always late General, it is true, restored some order ; but the two popular leaders of the mob, though equally proud, equally courting popularity, and equally inimical to the restoration of peace, were yet by no means united in their own ultimate views ; the one wished

to be considered as the personal saviour of the King, the object of the other was to be King himself.—“ Why,” said he, “ should I act Thersites, when I may be Agamemnon ?”

Louis, who preserved an entire confidence in the love of his people, readily agreed to appear in the balcony with his family ; but he had great difficulty to inspire the Queen with courage to join him there with her children. “ *Vive le Roi ! et la Reine !*” were universally shouted ; but when did headstrong wilfulness yield to concession ? The shout of loyalty was followed by “ the King to Paris !” “ the King to Paris !” Fayette was consulted, and his Majesty again conceded, if his family were permitted to accompany him. The “ *vive la Roi,*” which mocked that blessed martyr, again resounded. The Assembly voted themselves inseparable from the person of the King, who, with his slender suite, were dragged to Paris, surrounded

surrounded by furies in the shape of women, and men, still more horrible, in the guise of women ; the poor Queen, hooted, insulted, and reviled—but, from the barbarism, that, while France is a nation, will disgrace its annals, I return to the private widowed sorrow at Versailles.

As it was only since the convulsions of the state, the distress of their Majesties, and the confinement of Adelaide, that the Marquis appeared to know his wife for the once blooming and still beautiful Antoinette, or that she had been in the habit of seeing him in their private apartment ; she was not, after the first terrible shock, borne down by that tender excess of sorrow which she might have felt at a more early period of her life ; but the sudden awful stroke which left her without a protector in France, could not fail to alarm and affect her both for herself and Adelaide.

The Duchess's grief was of a different nature. All that was good, great, or noble,

in real or fictitious life, reminded her of the husband from whom she was for ever separated: from her childhood to the hour of his departure, the sentiment of his heart was to adore his Julia, and its practise, the virtues that inspired esteem and enforced respect. Imagination could recur to nothing more perfect, nor fancy dwell on any thing more pleasing than the Duke de V. in mind, conduct, and person. She yet continued the mournful inhabitant of the house where his embalmed corps waited interment, till the return of the young Duke. She had hourly contemplated his serene countenance, until it was proper to shut it up for ever, and she still continued to indulge her sorrows in frequent visits to the apartment where it yet rested, adorned with all the splendid trappings of woe appropriate to his high rank; and, yes, let me indulge the proud boast, hourly lamenting that the consolation of the friend on whom her heart rested was at such
a cruel

a cruel period denied ; but that relief of which she was herself deprived, she liberally administered to the Marquise, who, gloomy as was now the habitation of the Duchess, flew to it as a refuge from the dismal Castle, whence the remains of the Marquis were carried privately to Paris to be interred, and whence also the bodies of the other martyrs to royalty were not yet all removed. From such a scene no wonder the widow was anxious to be removed, with Charlotte and Ninon, who had hastened to Versailles, on the first news of the death of the Marquis.

Charlotte St. Herman is no trifler in sentiment or feeling, whatever she may be in disposition. Spite of the freezing and even terrible looks of the Chevalier, she vented the sorrows of an affectionate heart at the feet of her mother's noble friend ; and since that mother, so grateful, so obliged, and so bound, was denied the sad privilege of weeping with her, besought

the respected relict to accept the humble duty of her child.

Ninon left Charlotte at Versailles, though pressed to stay.—“ No,” said she to her friend, “ I have not courage to meet the Duke while Adelaide is in confinement; and still less can I bear the dignified sorrow of the Duchess, while my conscience upbraids me as the latent cause of Madame St. Herman’s absence.”

“ And how,” said Charlotte, “ shall I bear to face either them or you?”

“ You will forget every thing but my happiness,” replied the generous Ninon, “ when you return to *me*.”

The Marquise, whose absence at so interesting a period was deeply regretted, received daily and pressing invitations to return to her post; and indeed such was the affecting situation of those to whom affection, no less than duty, bound her, that she resolved to leave Versailles as soon as the young Duke arrived, and the last
respect

respect was paid to the remains of his father. The Chevalier was little company, and less comfort to the widow; it was indeed a severe force on her present feelings to meet him, even at the daily devotions, in the presence of the father who performed mass.

The Duchess was bathing with her tears the inscription of the gold plate on the coffin of her Lord, attended by Charlotte, when the young Duke, who had arrived, and forbid the servants to announce him till he had relieved his full heart in sight of his father's remains, entered. He had passed by the kneeling and weeping domestics, who impeded his way in every passage and every corridor: the privilege to lament, to call on their late loved Lord, seemed renewed by the arrival of his successor.

“ Yes,” said the grey-haired *maître d'hôtel*, “ you may be good, you will no doubt be very, very good; but who can

equal your father? Oh, I shall see him in Heaven!—There is not his like on earth!”

“ My friends,” faintly articulated the Comte.

“ Yes,” said several voices, “ he was our friend, and we were his: we would have died to save him; but we have lost him—he was taken from us in a moment!”

The Duke could bear no more, he passed them with trepidation, and proceeded to behold a mourner indeed, before whom he prostrated himself.—“ My mother, my ever loved and honoured mother!” were scarce uttered, before he repented he had not been announced.

The Duchess was carried fainting to her bed, and continued too indisposed to see him again until after her second interview with the Abbe Riccobini, whose age and infirmities had retarded the arrival of his beloved pupil.

The meeting of the brothers, though
without

without a witness, must have been affecting, for they each retired in tears to their chamber. They met again in the evening. The Abbe was then present; no other person was suffered to enter. They sat up till midnight. Charlotte heard the voice of the Chevalier often loud and agitated; but as they met with more composure next day, the Abbe had probably calmed his violent spirit.

The family did not assemble at meals. The Duchess admitted both the sons of her beloved husband a few minutes every morning, until it became necessary to make arrangements for the funeral, when she was requested by the Abbe to sanction their proceedings.

In the present distracted state of the capital, the Abbe insisted it would be hazardous for the Duke to be conspicuously seen; but to send the corps of his father to the vault of his ancestors, without his personal attendance, or with-

out the splendour and solemnity due to his high rank, was what he firmly rejected; he would not regret a life lost in attending the obsequies of his father.

As these sentiments were congenial to those of the noble relict, the Abbe recommended writing both to the Archbishop and the King, who would each feel themselves parties in due respect to the Duke de V.'s remains; and this meeting the approbation of all the mournful family, they again divided.

“But what is the wisdom of man,” said the sage, “when a blast of wind from any part of the compass, may do or undo in one moment what he has been contriving a whole age?”

Absorbed as the young Duke was in grief for his father, he yet found moments to speak to Charlotte of Adelaide, and she, with her usual want of caution, hinted a suspicion of Ninon's, from something the Chevalier had dropped, that he had either

seen or heard of her since her close confinement.

The Chevalier imprecated the informer, without denying or acknowledging the fact. His obstinacy offended his brother, whose earnestness, and perhaps sometimes a little ill-humour, irritated him so much, that for days and nights he had not only absented himself from the family, but the house. Cold, silent, gloomy, and discontented, he waited with impatience the period when he might leave those whom he not loving, he concluded did not love him.

In the mean while a person was labouring for the peace and gratification of the Duke de V.'s family, whom they never would have suspected of any such thing; this was the Abbe Rocquelar.

The disguise of the de O. faction, as well as that of their chief, was generally known at Versailles on the fifth of October, and it began to be as generally talked of at Paris.

There were also now some, who remembering how Rocquelar had been disgraced at the Hotel de C., and the reasons assigned for that disgrace, which had long been kept a profound secret, who also, combining an impatience of affront, in the temper of the late Marquis with recent provocation, drew inferences, which disturbed the Abbe Rocquelar.

“ The Marquis de Courville was certainly murdered on the 6th of October,” said the General, looking into the Abbe’s retreating eyes; “ and some one did it, that is a fact no one can disprove;” and so also said the Abbe himself at the Jacobin Club, with the addition, that the troubles of the two noble families of De V. and De C. touched his heart, which was a fact too that nobody could disprove, more especially as he took uncommon pains to establish it.

The splendid oratorical talents of Monsieur Chevereux had been little exercised
since

since the King was dragged to Paris. He could have said many very brilliant things on that subject ; but considering it a service of danger, and remembering the rich Foulon with his mouthful of hay, had still so confounded an head-ache, that he received a visit from the Abbe Rocquelar in his bed-chamber.

The Abbe most exceedingly regretted the indisposition of the worthy Deputy ; he hoped the nation would not be much longer deprived of his services, nor the Assembly of one of its greatest ornaments. One point he begged leave to recommend to his superior judgement, which was a revival of the affair of the Bastile, that so, a fair and candid investigation of the conduct of the late young Comte, now Duke de V., might restore him to his friends, or fix on him the deserved stigma of murdering his fellow-citizens.

It pained him to think that a son of that most respectable Nobleman, the late Duke
de

de V., was not cleared, by a public register, from the odium his enemies attached to his name, for, in verity, the troubles of that excellent family touched his heart.

Monsieur *l'Avocat* had no longer the head-ache: the vindication of the heir of a family which had been from one ancestor to another among the most respected and popular in France, was a subject worth studying, which, recommended by so staunch a Jacobin, could not be dangerous; so that no particular interest now opposing the plain tale of the good citizen, Marchand, confirmed by a cloud of other respectable witnesses, the affair of the Bastile was introduced by a motion of Citizen Dimanche, and, followed by a speech from Citizen Chevereux, which brought plaudits and bravoës from the galleries, enough to make any one, *not in the secret*, believe they really did separate right from wrong.

Monsieur Chevereux delivered a sort of
biographical

biographical eulogium on the family of De Verencourt, some of whose best blood had been shed in the service of their country. He proved their hereditary virtues to have even preceded their Nobility; and he made a happy transition from the merits to the injuries of the present Duke, who, while a victim to false accusation, had actually been the saviour of thousands of his fellow-citizens, perhaps he might say the capital itself. Without meaning to accuse the good citizen Rossier of any thing more than a zealous mistake, he insisted the fact was, that the young Duke de Verencourt actually prevented the butcher De Launay from setting fire to the magazine on the day when that fortress was destroyed by the good citizens of Paris.

The Assembly, as well as the galleries, applauded, and the orator made another happy transition from the injuries of the son, to the sorrow of the father, whose
heart

heart he declared was literally broken by his son's becoming an object of hatred to his fellow-citizens.—“ Yes,” said he, “ and he expired lamenting it as the greatest misfortune !”

Flattered by the profound silence of the Assembly, many of whose tears bore honourable testimony to the high character of the late Duke de V., warm with the subject, elated by the applause of the gallery, and anticipating the filial gratitude of his darling Ninon, he proceeded, to the astonishment of the Abbe Rocquelar, to state the case of the beautiful daughter of the late (he was too wise to say *murdered*) Marquis de Courville, who, for no other crime than being affianced to the injured Duke, was confined by a *lettre de cachet*.

A *lettre de cachet* !—The Assembly was in motion ; the last two days had been wholly occupied by debates on *lettres de cachet* ; and lucky it was for the petrified
Abbe's

Abbe's credit, as well as his patron, Monsieur Mayor's, that, instead of a *lettre de cachet*, the orator had not adverted to the King's letter, for in the present temper of the Assembly, the refusal to release an innocent person, except such refusal was sanctioned by them, would have obliged Monsieur Mayor to answer interrogatories of great importance to his secretary, since persecution of the daughter, at the time when the murder of the father was still talked of, might have concentrated circumstances so as to render explanations more necessary than easy.—“This amiable young person,” continued the Monsieur *l'Avocat*, “has been denied pen and ink; she has not been allowed to commune with her friends, and is to this moment ignorant that she is fatherless!”

The Assembly were no less surprised than affected; the Abbe actually trembled on his seat. Had such an act of tyranny transpired two days before, when the
lettres

lettres de cachet were not the subject of deliberation, it could not have escaped enquiry and punishment. The odium now resting on a royal privilege which they were determined to abolish, they hastened to pass the decree in favour of the Duke de V., and unanimously agreed, that all the censure on his conduct since the 14th of July was founded on mistake, as it appeared, that, by resenting the treachery of De Launay, and preventing his cruel purpose, he merited the thanks of the Assembly, which were decreed him accordingly ; and followed also by a vote of thanks to the worthy Deputy M. *l'Avocat Chevereux*, for the zeal with which he had defended the injured honour of the absent Duke.

The Assembly then resumed the subject of the *lettres de cachet*, and after instancing the case of Adelaide de Courville, in addition to what had before passed, they were formally and for ever abolished, and
an

an order was sent to M. Chevereux, to charge himself with restoring the daughter of the late Marquis de Courville to her mother.

That moment M. Chevereux and the Abbe Rocquelar left the hall at different doors; the former not a little piqued at the no compliment paid to his speech, and the latter enraged at the officious mention of Adelaide, which in effect robbed him of his power over the Marquise, and would also for ever disoblige his friend the Chevalier Verencourt. The last consideration was indeed of small importance to him, whatever it might be to his friend, in comparison with what appertained to himself; but he hastened, notwithstanding, to announce our liberty, and to take the credit of it to himself.

Near a month had now expired since the last visit of the Chevalier de V. The *tocsin*, the alarm-bells, the yells and shouts still continued at times to rend my very heart.

My

My dreams were full of my daughter and our friends; terror, for which I knew no name, assailed me; I could attend to nothing but the visions of my own sad fancy. Fearing every thing from the cessation of the Chevalier's visits, I had hardly strength to follow a nun to the parlour on the summons of the Abbe Rocquelar.

Pale and out of breath as this man appeared, his news was not the less delightful; I had seen him but once since the day of my becoming an inhabitant of this dreary abode, and the disgust he then inspired, was not less lively at this moment, yet when he spoke, I secretly accused myself of injustice.

"My dear Madam," said he, "I am in ecstasy.—After labouring three hours in the hall of justice, to say nothing of former efforts, I have at length obtained your discharge. Alas, Madam! the amiable Marquise, my heart bleeds for her!—Hasten to carry your charming friend a
consolation

consolation she stands so much in need of, and, when you present her lovely daughter, forget not, I implore you, the Abbe Rocquelar.

The unbounded transport which rushed into my heart, was checked. "Consolation," I repeated. "What, Sir, has happened? Oh how I tremble to think on the miseries humanity has encountered since our strange seclusion! Why does your heart bleed for the Marquise? We have seen but one friend in this dismal place; we are shut up here. I had a daughter, and was blessed with friends. The Marquise, you say, needs consolation: she had but one cause of sorrow; when I left her, she was the favourite at Versailles, she——"

"Ah, Madam," interrupted the Abbe, "your seclusion has been indeed strict, since you do not know there is no longer a Count at Versailles; but it is now necessary you should be told the father of Adelaide is no more!"

"Oh!"

“ Oh !” I answered, “ I presage all—he is murdered ! and what, Sir——”

I thought he could not turn more pale or look more hideous ; but it did happen.

“ You waste the time, Madam,” said he, “ that might have already given happiness to your friends. The Marquise is still at Versailles ; a carriage waits to carry you there.”

The outer bell had rung with violence. It was not immediately answered. It was now repeated, yet louder. Ninon rushed into my arms. It was some moments before she could speak. To me this was indeed an awful pause. I saw not my Charlotte, my dearest, only child, although the Chevalier had informed me she resided with the Chevereux's : my heart sunk, it died within me.

The amiable creature produced the order for our release, congratulated me and herself—“ But my Charlotte ?” I scarcely breathed, till she answered “ At Versailles
with

with the Duchess. But come," she added, "the carriage waits. Where is Adelaide? Oh what a triumph will be her's! The honour of the Duke is cleared, he is safe; the Assembly were unanimous."

"The Duke!" I replied in astonishment, "what Duke are you speaking of? Not the Duke de V., who ever impeached *his* honour?"

She changed countenance. I felt the soft hand that pressed mine tremble.

"Oh, my friends," said she, "have they indeed been so cruel? Are you really ignorant of the sad events?"

"For Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "tell me all before you see Adelaide. I know the Marquis is dead, murdered! I suspect; and my Charlotte, how is she?"

"Quite well indeed, and with the Duchess."

"I breathe; but you spoke of the Duke—of his honour—of the Assembly."

"Be

“ Be composed, Madame,” joined the Abbe, “ the Duke de Verencourt——”

“ Alas, Sir !” said I, “ I tremble to hear *you* speak.”

“ Really ! I am mortified ;” and indeed so he looked.

“ Forgive me, Sir ; but is the Duke de V. murdered too ?”

“ No, Madame,” and he paused to pick his teeth, “ he is only dead : it was his son’s honour that Mademoiselle C. rejoiced to tell you is cleared. Monsieur, her father, had the goodness to second my endeavours for that purpose, and we succeeded. I have not, I hope, the misfortune to *frighten* the friend of the family by this detail.”

I sat down, I could not stand, nor could I weep.—“ And what more ?” I asked in a voice that must have been despair itself.

“ Nothing indeed,” replied the gentle Ninon, whose modesty prevented her from
taking

taking the credit of her father's exertions from the impostor Rocquelar.

I could no longer support myself, or bear his presence. Leaning on Ninon, I left the parlour in search of Adelaide. Still I felt her claims on my fortitude, and, though my heart was bursting, exerted my small remaining strength to comfort her, dear child ! though she had known little of her father, and seldom experienced his parental kindness, it was an event that filled her with grief ; she had loved the Duke extremely, and nothing but the hope of affording consolation to her two mothers, could have supported her.

The Duke, as he proposed, had prepared a letter for the King, and the Abbe, with his to the Archbishop, attended the Duchess for her approbation. The Chevalier was absent.—“ He ought,” said she with some severity, “ not to have been absent.”

Half a dozen domestics were running in each other's way towards the apartment.

“What,” said the Abbe angrily, “means this?”

I rushed in.—“Julia!” I exclaimed, and she sunk, almost fainting, in my arms.

“Oh what a moment is this!” cried the Marquise, embracing her daughter.

The blushing Adelaide returned her embrace with ardour; but perhaps her enthusiastic plan of living only to console the two mothers, was a little checked by the unexpected sight of her lover.

Charlotte too——But over this meeting suffer me, my dear Lady N., to drop the veil. It was the balsam of comfort from a lachrymal urn—it was the relief which patience extracts from deep affliction—it was—but what was it not?

Ninon was invited to remove with her friends; but a sense of propriety marked all her actions.

‘When,’ said she to Charlotte, “you
have

have an hour to spare, you know where to bestow it."

The Duke's remains were next day carried to *Notre Dame*, with funeral honours. The people, ever in extremes, crowded the church, and from thence ran to the hall of the Assembly, to demand the immediate repair of the palace, at the national expence, which was instantly decreed. The brothers and the Abbe returned; but we did not meet till mass the next morning.

The late Duke had made no alteration in the will long since dictated by the Duchess, so that the Chevalier found himself entirely dependant upon her. He coloured, bit his lips almost through, and coldly declined her generous offer for his immediate expences. He, however, the next day assumed an appearance of content, and such tranquillity as a good mind can feel while regret for the past, and hope for the future, mingles in every mortal scene, was soon established in the family.

To us all mourners, and really feeling that which “*passeth shew*,” Versailles, the deserted Versailles, was a scene of profound retirement, and the Castle a *memento* it was impossible to disregard: the household all gone, the gardens neglected, fragments of windows not repaired, and the gates not replaced—all within silent, all without desolate.

The Duchess, who had intended to retire to her favourite convent, resigned to a life of contemplation, and “only hear the distant murmur of the passions, while all was peace and silence in the soul,” suffered herself to be persuaded to stay with her friends and children. They could not wound her by proposing their marriage so soon after an event she never ceased to deplore; but it was a sort of blissful interregnum both to the Duke and Adelaide. The present calm was endeared by the storms of the past; and moments when they could dare say to each other “I love,” without

out a sense of error, or fear of disappointment, was to them the superlative of human bliss.

The good Abbe Riccobini, while aspiring to a re-union with his lost friend and patron, was at the same time devoutly thankful for the happiness that seemed to wait his beloved pupil.

The Marquise, relieved by a short suspension of the duties, the dissipations, and the cares of the Court, had time to estimate the beauty, the goodness, and promising prospects of her daughter. My poor Charlotte, sensible that she had lost a most partial friend and protector, deeply lamented the late Duke ; but the restoration of her mother and her friend, at the exact period when it had become a duty to console the Duchess, naturally gave her fortitude and spirits.—“ Mamma will now,” said she, “ console—I shall only pretend to amuse,” and she succeeded. The solemnity of my friend’s grief adhered to the
H 3 memory

memory of her husband ; but what extorted smiles from us, sometimes diverted her mind from vain regrets. The Chevereux's and their connections were new characters to us all, and their absurdities were really entertaining.

The Chevalier, though sometimes flattered by the lively acknowledgments of Adelaide ; for the comfort his visits afforded her in the convent of La Borde, had a habit of melancholy and gloomy silence. He often absented himself for hours, and even days, and returned languid, pale, and exhausted.

The Duchess treated him with the most tender attention ; she seemed to probe his feelings with the kind view of diverting unpleasant thoughts, and tempt him to look out, of himself, into the world. It was her wish, she told him, that he should be established.—“ My dear Charles,” said she, “ your power will more than equal your brother's. His fortune has
been

been so much injured by advances to the exigencies of——”

He had been listening with seeming grateful sensibility; but he flew out at this.

“ My brother !” interrupted he, “ what is he to me, or I to him ?” and he left us with the look of a maniac.

“ He is unhappy, very unhappy,” said the Duchess; “ he therefore must be pardoned for acts of extravagance which I see are not voluntary.”

He returned in the evening more placid and good-humoured than usual; but neither his good nor bad fits had any permanency.

I have now, Lady N., given you another sketch of the family of my friend. You have seen us enjoying the superlative of happiness; but on that unsteady point no mortal can hope to rest: it had passed away among the yesterdays that never returns. We did not now, we could not,

hope for more than transient and virtuous quietude. The father, the husband, the friend, would no more return to us; but we knew that we should go to him!

Adieu, Madame,

H. ST. HERMAN.

PACKET

PACKET XIII.

THE packet I had last the honour to inclose you, left me the resigned, if not tranquil, inmate of my friend's house, near the deserted castle at Versailles. I before mentioned the friendship with which the aunts of the King had honoured the late Madame de V., and the affection of these good women descended, undiminished, to her daughter. They now resided at *Belle Vue*, which you know is between Versailles and Paris.

From these ladies, who were the only visitors the Duchess admitted, we sometimes heard the Paris news.

The Assembly was now aiming at the destruction, soul and body, of their friends the clergy: they would not permit them to worship God in their own way; and they were resolved to deprive them of the means of eating and drinking.

The Abbe Riccobini had long since devoted the profit of his benefices to the poor; but he was too sensible of the distress the decree, if passed, would inflict on many of his indigent brethren, to remain inactive at such a juncture. He therefore went to Paris to oppose his feeble opposition to the "long arm of power." Had the news, which reached Versailles the day after the good man left us, arrived before his departure, we should have exerted all our influence to detain him.

Paris was again in violent commotion. The red book, delivered in confidence to Neckar, had some how got into improper hands, and was now actually in print. Two million sterling to the two Princes, and six hundred thousand pounds to the Polignacs,

with other as incredible sums, proved to have been issued from the treasury, during the short administration of Calonne, so enraged the people against the courtiers, that many of those, who yet remained, emigrated, as soon as they could, on any pretext, obtain passports.

In this situation, when the perfidy of Neckar, forced the desertion of her few friends, the Queen wrote to the Princess Lamballe, then in England, and to the Marquise de C., deploring her comfortless state in such affecting terms, that both these ladies answered her in person.

Our world, indeed, was no longer the emporium of elegance and etiquette, yet the delicacy of the sex did not authorise a young lady's living *en famille* with her lover; but as the Duke had, with great reluctance consented that his marriage should be postponed till his return from Languedoc, which would leave some space for the respect due to the memory of both the fathers, the Marquise took Adelaide

to the Castle of the Thuilleries, where there was now no want of accommodation; and where you may be certain the Duke passed all the time that could be spared from the final settlement of the affairs of his late father.

Previous to their leaving us, the Abbe returned.—“ The clergy,” said he, “ have lost their benefices; and if the innocent could be divided from the guilty, I should say it was just, for religion is destroyed by its own natural supporters.—Anarchy prevails universally. Scarce a day passes unstained with blood, or an hour without news of still greater excess in the provinces: houses, towns, and castles pillaged and demolished! and all this while, the grand Assembly of the nation have been settling the religion of the people, who are rapidly degrading into atheism, and the revenues of churches, which nobody enters.”

“ And are you going to your castle, Monsieur le Duc, while all this is going forward?” asked Charlotte.

“ It

“ It is highly necessary, Mademoiselle,” said the Abbe, “ lest he should have no castle to go to.”

Adelaide was, fortunately, not present. The Marquise, with a sigh, wished we were all at Bergen, and the Queen at Vienna; but, as wishing would not carry us thither, she accepted the escort of the two Verencourts, under whose protection, with their domestics and her own, she safely arrived at the Thuilleries, where herself and her lovely daughter were received with the cordiality and admiration so justly due to the fidelity of the one, and the beauty of the other.

As Charlotte had confessed that nothing but her respect to the Duchess, duty to me, and affection for Adelaide, could have supplied the patience to endure the rude and insolent behaviour of the Chevalier, which was the more dishonourable to himself, as it was generally without witnesses, I permitted her to return to Ninon in the carriage of the Marquise.

The

The Duchess and myself now enjoyed that quietude, and returned to those habits of confidential friendship, which once formed the most happy epoch of my existence; but neither quietude nor happiness could be permanent in any part of this distracted kingdom.

The good Abbe was becoming more interested, every day, about the Paris news, where the wise men of the nation occupied themselves with framing laws, which they now knew would be, like themselves, the ephemerals of the day, while the body of the people, under the influence of designing and wicked men, were becoming insubordinate, idle, desperate, and sanguinary.

We were apprised by Charlotte, before it was received as a fact at Court, that some of the Solons in the confidence of the Arch Apostate, were contriving to amuse the citizens, by obliging the King to appear among them, with all his family and courtiers, to swear, God knows what, about
the

the new constitution. What that constitution was, nobody could tell. The Duc d'Orleans probably thought he could guess, perhaps flattering himself, while he strided, with gigantic terror, towering to the skies, the eyes of the multitude "were too weak to see the light."

"It will be a vastly fine sight," said Madame Dimanche.

"I shall wear all my diamonds," replied Madame Chevereux; "and the Deputies will have a pavilion to themselves."

"But what is a pavilion?" asked Madame Dimanche.

Madame Chevereux did not exactly know, but she would enquire of Charlotte St. Herman.

"Don't talk to me of pavilions for Deputies," replied Charlotte; "you hear what they are at in that stupid Assembly."

"Stupid, Mademoiselle! you forgot Monsieur Chevereux ——"

"And Monsieur Dimanche ——"

"Are members."

"No,

“ No, I don't forget any thing about them ; they are going to abolish the titles of the Nobility.”

And a prodigiously wise measure Madame Dimanche thought it. It was very true, that day unduchessed my dear Julia.

One Lambel, an obscure Advocate, none of whose race could boast of being forty thousandth cousin to a title, made a speech and a motion to abolish all distinction of rank.

“ Bravo !” cried the galleries ; but the Nobles, many of whose titles were the reward of bravery and merit, could not see such precious memorials torn from them by beings who, in common with jays and magpyes, had the gift of talking by rote.

The debate was supported with the usual success ; that is to say, learning, sense, politeness, and justice, were borne down by every species of vulgarity, noise, and falsehood.

The Duke de V. appeared, for the first time, in the Assembly. He delivered his
maiden

maiden speech with infinite grace and good sense, on the side of the titles, and he was answered by Monsieur C., who, having no longer any hope of seeing his daughter a Countess, denounced all titles, but *bon Citoyen*.

The Nobles found it impossible to resist the heroines in the gallery, so the Duke de V. left the hall ‘*Citoyen Verencourt*.’

Monsieur *l’Avocat* Chevereux having regained his popularity, harangued on all subjects—the more wild and incoherent the greater the applause; he had doubled and trebled the equal rights of men, till the bravoës almost deafened the Assembly. Never had the little Deputy been so well with himself: he sat silent, and prudently abstracted, while another decree passed, abolishing, as badges of slavery disgraceful to the rights of men, the livery and epaulets worn by that respectable order of citizens, the laquais.

Monsieur Chevereux quitted the hall in profound meditation. The last decree

was

was a real grievance : equalization was now carrying too far ; it might extend to horses as well as laquais, and reduce even him to the equality of making use of his own legs.

“ This,” said he, looking with sullen regret at the three laced laquais who assisted him into his high varnished carriage, “ this is too bad.”

But the sighs of the orator were gentle zephyrs to the storm, raised by the decree, in his own hotel. His spouse actually wept. What, no lace, no epaulet, no livery, no distinction, for the wife of the richest Deputy in France ! nothing to point out her coach among those of the poor Nobles, who might well dispense with lace for which they had not money to pay ; but for the rich Monsieur Chevereux—must he be no better attended than a Knight of St. Louis ?

Nor was this the only storm that was raised in the hotel. Charlotte had *her* ravings too, though rather in an under tone ;

tone ; but it was in vain she endeavoured to make Madame Chevereux understand the misfortune and mortification the whole world ought to feel at hearing the Duchess de V. addressed as Madame, or Citoyenne Verencourt, and the Duke as Monsieur or Citoyen. All that, for ought Madame Chevereux knew, might be fair enough ; at any rate it was not a mortification to compare with taking away the livery of her laquais.

More than once, during the raging of these storms, the little orator, comparing past with present, could not help secretly admitting, that things were not altering for the better.—“ And here,” cried the mistress of the mansion, tears of anger and vexation bursting from her eyes, “ here will be the federation—must we, must Ninon, be dragged in a coach like a city *fiacre* with nobody to cry—‘ That is the wife of the rich Advocate, that is his charming daughter.’—*Oh Dieu*, that I should live to see this day !”

“ And

“ And are you then,” said Charlotte, “ my noble friends, despoiled of your honours !”

“ Despoiled indeed !” answered Madame ; “ and you, Monsieur, you with your speeches, let me hear what you said to the barbarians. Oh, I dare say, the plate and jewels will go next ! But console me with the arguments you opposed to this vile decree ; it was too interesting a subject to pass *you*. Come, let me read your minutes.”

“ Minutes !” M. *l'Avocat* just recollected that nothing had been farther from his expectation than the two decrees, which had, with the aid of the ladies in the gallery, extorted from him an extempore flow of eloquence, of which he could not *now* recollect one single point.

“ What are you thinking of ?” said the impatient wife.

“ I am thinking,” replied he, “ that Citoyen Fayette was in such haste to unmarquis himself, that he had like to have precipitated

precipitated Citoyen Lambel headlong out of the tribune."

"Bah, bah!" cried Madame C., "what is that to our liveries, our lace, and epaulets."

"And," continued the orator, with an air of recollection, "the Viscount Noaille was also in such a hurry to equalize with his *valet de place*, that he also ascended the tribune before Citoyen Fayette had half done speaking, and turned him out with as little ceremony as had been, the minute before, used to Lambel."

"And this Noaille, it was him then that ——"

"Yes, it was him that moved to take the badges of slavery from our brother citoyens, the laquais."

"I shall go distracted—what, Monsieur Chevereux, are you talking of? Can you think any decree will force me to equalize, as you call it, with laquais?"

"You must fraternize, however."

"Never, Monsieur, never."

"We

“ We shall see ; but, at present, hear what the *ci-devant* Viscount said—‘ Who ever heard of Duke Fox, Count Washington, Marquis Franklin, Viscount Payne, or Baron Priestley, and yet these great men would ——’ ”

“ Bah, bah ! ” interrupted the spouse of Chevereux, “ if they had they would have been in no hurry to unduke and unmarquis themselves ; but that is nothing to us—don’t tell me of what one Noble said and another, I want to hear what *you* yourself said.”

“ I shall consider,” and Monsieur squeezed himself into his arm-chair. Charlotte ran to Ninon, who was quietly seated at her drawing table, and, with floods of tears, acquainted her with what had occurred.

Ninon did not see so much to deplore in the decree.

“ Not much ! is it not much to be obliged to hear our dear Duchess addressed as *Citoyenne* ? ”

“ Will

“ Will she be less dear for that ? ”

“ Ah, no ! but you see, too, the young Duke is deprived of his Nobility.”

“ No, Charlotte, the Nobility of the Duke de Verencourt is a decree from God himself: in vain would the National Assembly vote an equality with him; the rise would be too great for common souls, and *he* cannot descend.”

Charlotte embraced the young philosopher.

“ Then the Duchess,” she continued, “ can a mere nominal alteration affect a woman whose soul is the essence of beneficence?—can she wish, or can the world give an higher distinction than virtue? it is herself, not her title, that has so faithfully attached Madame St. Herman, that her family adores, that you love, and that I worship. The Marquise too—will she be less the faithful friend of the persecuted Maria Antoinette, the respectable matron, the tender mother? Ah ! if this were the greatest of our misfortunes *you* might wash the last coronet with tears; but,” the amiable girl covered her

her

her eyes, “do you think mine do not flow from a more painful source?”

Charlotte said not one word more about titles—“But what shall we do with your mother?”

“My mother! she is reconciled to my loss of title; she no longer expects to see her poor Ninon a Countess.”

“True—but the liveries, the lace, the epaulets.”

“Are they abolished?”

“Entirely!”

“And my father—”

“Ah! I suspect he has played us false: he remembers no single point in his long speech, and has not offered to read it, even to *me*.”

“Nay then,” said Ninon, quietly laying down her pencil, “I must comfort my mother;” and had that mother not been deaf to the voice of the charmer, she would have thought only of the blessing of such a daughter. But a scene was passing in the great hall that put patience out of the question:

question: there the whole family of domestics were actually singing popular songs, and ripping the lace from their clothes.

Couthon had always an eye to calculation. —“ And what are you doing, my good friends?” said she.

“ Doing, Mademoiselle!” answered a dirty stable boy, “ we are taking the *bags* of—of——” he could not precisely say what.

“ Yes,” joined one of the men, “ we are fraternizing with the good citoyens of the National Assembly—we shall be no longer marked slaves; these are the badges of ignominy, and we discard them.”

“ Very fine,” replied Mademoiselle, shrugging her shoulders; “ but do you recollect you will no longer have liveries to sell.”—“ *Peste!*” cried the porter.—“ No laces to rip off when your clothes are your own.”—“ *Diable!*” cried the stable boy.—“ But you will extremely become an old

brown coat, such as you see worn by the dirty Citoyen Marat."

This was one of the tags of fraternization, of which no one had thought: it was the decree that took from their master the privilege of pleasing himself, they were celebrating with the popular songs, not that which deprived themselves of a single perquisite; but, as nothing could be more in point than Couthon's observation, nor any thing more true than her conclusions, they abandoned their work, and sent the whole National Assembly to the devil, with as much devotion as Madame C. herself had done, and was still doing.

The Duke de V., as so many leagues distant from the emporium of liberty, and with Lady N.'s leave, I will still dare to call him, entered his mutilated Palace, to view, for the first time, the ruin, which a decree had been passed to repair, but which was yet untouched.

The porter put himself officiously forward

ward to render his low obeisance the more conspicuous; the servants ranged themselves in the hall; the valet, who had been his attendant from the day of his birth, knelt to kiss his hand; and the profound bows of all the domestics witnessed the respect with which they hailed him, more *their Lord* than ever.

The Duchess, as, in spite of the national decree, I must still call her, went, on this occasion, to Paris, for the double purpose of paying her respects to the Queen, and visiting the Marquise, who was indisposed.

“ See,” said the latter, shewing an open letter, “ how my father regrets that I am any other than Antoinette Bergen, and how the Countess rejoices that she is no longer a Marquise de Courville.”

I read the letter. The Countess was still the same. She noticed her son's death as a shocking event, not as the loss of her only child. The Count's letter, indeed, abounded with affectionate apprehension:

he adjured her to leave the scene of confusion and murder, and return to the parental roof, which he regretted she had ever left. His age and infirmities, as well as the solicitude of his Countess, prevented his giving his daughter his personal and immediate protection, in the journey he wished her to take. Her brother was in a distant part with his family, which present circumstances would not permit him to leave, though not less anxious for his sister's safety than her father.

This was one of the Chevalier's gloomy days. He had been a silent hearer of the yesterday's debate, and passed our carriage, as he was returning to Versailles, without notice.

“Poor Chevalier!” exclaimed Adelaide, “I wish he would take a lesson of good humour from our lively Charlotte; but, *a-propos* of Charlotte, Madame St. Herman wil. not leave Paris without calling on Madame C., and she will not take me with her.”

Julia

Julia had wished to see Charlotte, and the Duke attended us. We found Ninon covered with blushes, and Charlotte with a sort of Janus-face, half crying and half laughing; but Madame C. still engrossed by her liveries, her lace, and her epaulets.

The presence of our friends used to inflate her pride, but now, respect and even vanity gave way to unappeasable discontent: she did not, indeed, remember Madame and Monsieur, the Duchess and Duke; but while my poor Charlotte, who considered her stay at the hotel of Monsieur C. as a sacrifice of happiness to situation, was retired with me to a balcony, the enraged citoyenne continued to send the Assembly to the *Diable*—to rail at her husband for not having spoke to the purpose—and to lament that, at the federation, her coach would not be better appointed than a city *fiacre*—or even the carriages of a *ci-devant* Noble who had not money to pay for rich liveries.

It was long since I had seen Julia smile, but the dimples were visible round her beautiful mouth, while the liveries and laces were so pathetically lamented.

Charlotte saw us depart with a sort of sullen discontent, which could not but grieve Ninon, and would, no doubt, have offended her mother, had she not been too much engaged to observe it; and the Marquise had infected my spirits by the depression of her own. It could not be denied that the expected federation justified the terrors of the Queen, and was reprobated by all rational people. Bread was still bad, dear, and scarce; yet numerous bands of needy vagabonds were encouraged to pour into Paris and make a still greater scarcity. The hero of St. Antoine who, like his archetype, moved only to destroy, was returned from England, where, since his adventure with counterfeit *poissards*, he had resided.

On his return to the Assembly, one oath was not sufficient to satisfy himself, he went
over

over all the old ground, and took his seat among men, who, though some spoke him fair from habit, some from fear, and many from affecting to be his tool, when, in fact, it was him who was theirs, not one loved, esteemed, or trusted him. No, the richest subject in the world might purchase the activity of banditti's, and turn the balance of Justice, but the purchase of real confidence and respect was above his price or power.

The Duke de Orleans attended the levee without speaking to any of the courtiers. He bowed coldly to the Queen—affected totally to overlook Monsieur and Madame; but addressed Madame Elizabeth with compliments on her beauty, while her eyes, the most penetrating in the world, seemed to look into his soul. Glad to escape them, he was, or pretended to be, extremely struck with the beauty of Adelaide de Courville, who followed her mother into the presence; probably he was not displeased to see the bond, on the fidelity of

one of his friends, had such an uncommon cement.

The dread which the return of her determined enemy, at this particular period, inspired, was a natural sentiment in the Queen, after the many personal affronts and vows of hatred, of which he made no secret, any more than she did of her suspicions of his treason. Far from wishing to remove the prejudices on either side, they went on to increase every ill impression of each other : and, admitting the Queen's undoubted credit with the King, perhaps it was not wholly without some cause, that the Duke complained of affronts offered him at the Castle ; and, if so, no one will wonder that he left it in very ill humour. It was, indeed, said, that it was then he took the oath of eternal hatred, which eventually proved his own destruction as well as the Queen's. If this be truth, it accounts for some of the terrors with which the approaching federation filled her.

The

The King, the most unsuspicious and honourable of men, had no such terrors. He considered the federation as an harmless invention of the Mayor to distinguish himself; and as he had not power to refuse the new constitution, the manner in which it was accepted was of no importance. He told the Dauphin the good citoyens were preparing a fine sight for him, and wished the Queen to consider it as an amusement.

“ I must first,” she replied, “ forget the faces that surrounded us at Versailles, and that afterwards escorted me to Paris.”—As it was, however, in vain that she expressed the most extreme reluctance, all her friends made it a point to attend her. The dresses were to be splendid in the extreme; so that the Marquise and her daughter put off their mourning for the day. The Duke, who wore the uniform of the Guard du Corp, retained his scarf.

As it was a spectacle that never had, nor would again, perhaps, occur, and as the Duchess was one of the few, in the interest

of the Court, who apprehended no danger, she insisted on my chaproning my daughter, and accepted herself of the pressing invitation of her friends at Belle Vue, to remain with them during my absence.

I found Madame Chevereux still fretting at what she called her ignominious appearance. She would not hear of Charlotte quitting Ninon on such a day ; and, both the dear girls joining her invitation to go with them, I the more willingly consented, as the Marquise and our charming Adelaide, “ looking like the morning of a beautiful day,” being ostensibly in the Queen’s suite, we could not exactly be with them, though the Duke would have taken care of us.

Do you, Lady N., know a country where gold is not the grand specific for every thing ? it is not, assuredly, France. The Chevereux had secured the very best part of the Champ de Mars, except the pavilion, and what were kept apart for their Majesties.

Never

Never did Louis look more like a King than on this day. The royal mantle, supported by pages, was gracefully thrown over a blue and gold dress; the hat and feather was looped with the grand diamond; and he was adorned by the glittering insignas of all his several orders. He moved, and truly *looked*, the Spartan prayer—"Grant us fortitude to support injustice."

But the noble serenity of his countenance, while it interested every beholder, could not restore the confidence of the Queen, who, pale and trembling, suffered the jewels to be placed in her hair, and the robes to be put on, while her imagination recoiled from the memory of one scene, which would intrude on her recollection, and the sixth of October was ever present."

Folding her children to her breast—"It is for you," said she, "I tremble. Oh, Marquise! you dispense, for a few short hours, with the colour of your feelings,

but for me, I am adorned for the sacrifice."

The Dauphin, a lovely boy of six years old, demanded why he saw his mamma weep, and why his aunt and sisters shed tears, when all Paris was mad for joy—"You hear the shouts and triumphs," said he, "and is this the time to weep? Come, let us go to the fine show, my papa says the good citoyens have prepared for us."—He presented his little hand to the Queen. The King led Mademoiselle, and the Princess Elizabeth followed with the Princess Lamballe; Monsieur, Madame, and a train of Nobles joined them in the Ecole Militaire.

Notwithstanding the confidential friends, among whom were the Dukes de Liancourt, Brisac, and De V., kept as near as possible, without offence to the people, the Queen, almost fainting, involuntarily drew back at the shout of "*La Nation*."

It was at that shout the Dauphin,
3 folding

folding his hands, had addressed the savage band with “ *Grace, poor mamma!*” in the road from Versailles. The Marquise, who stood behind her chair, was as much affected; and Adelaide, to whom the Dauphin had given his hat to hold, while he looked round with astonishment and delight, again presented it to him, in the moment when “ *vive le Roi*” had its tranquil turn.

The child waved his hat and feathers with all his might. The Queen caught him in her arms, and lifted him forward. The shout was now universal, every hat waved, every voice joined in “ *vive le Reine.*” The happy mother presaged every thing from the enthusiasm her darling inspired. The Marquise shared in the joy, as she had before in her terror; and Adelaide who had returned the salute of the Duke, took courage, to look round, but started back at the sight of the Chevalier.

Never indeed did there appear a being more altered: his fine clear complexion
changed

changed to a saffron hue ; his eyes were heavy, dull, and languid ; and even his dress seemed to denote entire apathy. He appeared to press towards Adelaide ; yet when he so far succeeded as to touch her hand, he retreated with precipitation. The celebration of mass followed this splendid pantomime.

While the overture to *Te Deum* was performing, Adelaide who, though so near the first personages, did not boast of the number of her acquaintances, looked round for a friend, from the conspicuous place where the purse of the Chevereux had placed us, we were watching for her glance, and there again she saw the Chevalier, who, without noticing either of the young friends or myself, was, as usual, attached to Madame Chevereux, who, proud of curtsying towards the Queen, took care all her acquaintance should witness her *great connections*.

Neither indeed was the Deputy more disposed to sink his consequence to any
of

of his coadjutors : his profound bow from the pavilion, where he was seated with the other members, was returned by the most obliging notice of both the Marquise and Adelaide ; and the Duke must not have been himself, to forget Monsieur Chevereux.

Contrary to hope, the Queen found herself, after all was over, again safe with her husband, her children, and her friends, at the Palais. The Dauphin, indeed, had for the moment quite superseded the new constitution, about which they had been so tenacious, in the affection of the people ; it was indeed impossible to behold him without being charmed ; his vivacity, good humour, sense, and beauty were so equally conspicuous.

The joy their safe return diffused in the Court is not to be conceived ; the women were on their knees, and the men thronged to the royal apartments. One may indeed guess at the satisfaction which such a return of confidence gave the august pair, when, amidst the rejoicing, illumination, and one
universal

universal *fête* among the people, they ventured to give a ball at Court, to which every person of rank were desired to invite their friends.

The Duke, who volunteered in the service of the day, did not conceive his public duty performed, till the quiet of the city was perfectly restored. Nor could he dispense with the no less dear, though private duty, of acquainting the Duchess how well she had judged of events.

The same messenger carried a letter from me, with every particular that I knew would be interesting to her, and accounting for my dissipation.

The Duke could not reach Adelaide, after paying his respects to the Queen, before he joined the officers, who took the circuit of all the gardens and adjoining streets, to be certain that every thing was peaceable ; and then, declining the numerous festivals to which they were invited, contented themselves with a soldier's repast on guard.

The

The Chevalier was not so self-denying. He attended the Marquise at the public dinner, and having recovered some of his natural vivacity, agreeably entertained both her and Adelaide, till in high good-humour he asked her hand for the evening ball. Adelaide blushed deeply; she would not have hesitated about negating this request, had she not recollected, with some surprise, that she had heard nothing from the Duke, and as she was expected to dance, it would be awkward to refuse the Chevalier and accept a stranger.

“Come, confess,” said he, “you are afraid to engage yourself without the permission of M. de V.”

“M. de V.!” repeated Adelaide, colouring.

“Ah, my lovely sister,” replied the Chevalier ironically, “how grieved am I for you; but though the *ci-devant* Duke should become as humble as his brother, and though a few moments difference in birth should not ascertain such envied advantages,

advantages, *you* can never lose the title of *lovely*."

The Marquise, who was seated between her daughter and the Chevalier, could not avoid hearing their conversation. She thought him in ill health: his gloomy fits, since the death of the Duke, and the circumstances attending that fatal event, might well be supposed to affect both his health and mind: Affliction was always sure to interest her.—“The Chevalier, my dear,” whispered she to Adelaide, “is unhappy, and none are so tenacious as those who feel or fear they are losing respect.—Do not let him suppose you mean to affront him.”

“Me, mamma! me mean to affront a son of the Duke de V., the brother of——”

“You will do neither wilfully; but existing circumstances——”

The heart of Adelaide acceded to the half-expressed meaning; her lovely mouth dimpled with a thousand bewitching graces, as she reached her hand
across

across her mother, and in an accent that melted him to tenderness, said—"Let us be friends. I will dance with you, and no one but you."

"No one, on your honour? Oh Adelaide! too, too fatally lovely, if you knew what passed here," motioning her hand to his heart, "what I have, and do suffer; you will not believe it; but I have wept my brain away! yes, you may well be surprised; I have shed more burning tears than any love-sick girl of your acquaintance, even the little Ninon, shames me by the conquest of herself."

The Marquise had long known those sentiments of the Chevalier, which she would not *now* seem to understand. She looked at him with mingled sweetness and pity; it just then occurred to her, that among other discontents, he perhaps suspected, that the kindness of the Duchess, might have received a shock, which would not cordially reconcile her to a son, who, however innocent as to intention, had
actually

actually accelerated the death of her beloved husband.

She arose, and taking his arm, crossed to the balcony, out of the hearing of the company, and with the benevolent suavity of manners which was natural to her habits and feeling, was endeavouring to re-assure and encourage him, when she was no less vexed than disappointed to see his eye fixed on vacant air, the animated glow that suffused his cheeks, when speaking to Adelaide, was changed to the sallow hue ; *he* indeed yet saw only the form on which he doted ; it was *her* voice that melted on his ear ; but she had left her seat ; he no longer saw, no longer heard any thing. The undesiring glare of apathy succeeded ; the kindness of the Marquise was lost on a statue, and he, at length, left her without compliment or acknowledgment.

The conciliating, polite, and obliging manner of the Queen of France to those of the Court, deserving the appellation of *friends*, endeared her to all who were so distinguished ;

distinguished ; but persons of that description are not the natural growth of Courts, and the absent many, enhanced the value of the present few. The Marquise was one of the dearest of the latter ; she was on many accounts entitled to great consideration. No change of scene or circumstance had produced in her the smallest deviation from respectful attachment. The murder of her husband had no effect on her conduct, in a post still more dangerous than his—for she was a German, and shared in the hatred of the French to that country.

The Marquise did not forget the friends of her family. Madame Chevereux and Ninon were invited to accompany Charlotte and myself to the Court gala ; and though the Deputy thought it most advisable that his spouse should keep to *her* engagement with the wife of the Mayor, the invitation for Ninon, sent by a gentleman in waiting, turned Monsieur Chevereux's Hotel topsy-turvy. White was the dress of the morning, and it was also
expected

expected to be that of the evening ; but what, in the vast mass of colours now floating in the brain of Madame Chevereux, was simple white for *her* daughter ? ‘ I assured her it had been worn by the first people.

“ Yes, yes, it might suit well enough for Court ; but the great Speaker’s daughter to have no colours about her ! ”

Ninon’s taste had improved, or, as her mother said, degenerated into perfect neatness ; she could not, however, venture to oppose her mamma on such an important occasion. Couthon turned the wardrobe over and over ; nothing satisfied Madame Chevereux that was *not* fine—nothing pleased Ninon that *was*.

Charlotte’s toilet was soon made ; she was principally her own tire woman. Her person was now tall and well formed ; she has fine eyes, good teeth, and profusion of brown hair, which she was so Gothic as to dress herself, with, as her mother thought, a very happy taste, and appropriate to a
sauciness

sauciness of manner, that both provoked and returned repartee.

Both Madame Chevereux and her daughter were completely fatigued, when Charlotte entered, and reminded them of time. A white taffeta, embroidered with silver, was then hastily fixed on, and Ninon recollecting she could remove them in the coach, her dissatisfied mother was suffered to load her with pearls, and we at last set off.

The interest of the Marquise secured the most flattering notice of her friends; and the riches to which Ninon was heir, was not every where held so light as it had been in the family of the Duke de V. Her person was *petite*, but full of symmetry; she possessed great softness, and even delicacy of countenance, and her complexion was remarkably fine.

Such a girl, only daughter to one of the richest men in France, could not fail to attract several very fine men still at Court, who wanted nothing so much as money.

The

The Chevalier, whose low spirits had so affected the Marquise, was now in another extreme, wearying every body with his mad humours. He dragged Adelaide down an English country dance. Her spirits, never congenial to his, and less so this evening than ever, failed, and she sat down by me at the end of the first dance.

I never saw her look more interestingly beautiful, yet she complained of indisposition. I followed her continual glance to the entrance, and became myself astonished at the absence of the Duke. She took hold of my arm. We lounged round the ball-room, and then took the circle of the others, where there was deep play, and many lookers on, but no Duke de V. We returned to the dancers; and the Chevalier, who rigidly held her to the engagement of "no one else," seemed satisfied with the privilege of attending her steps, without pressing her to dance. We observed, however, with surprise, as his habits were

were remarkably temperate, that he had very frequent recourse to the beaufets. Adelaide, still more dispirited, complained of the fatigue of the day, and we sat down opposite the grand entrance, where we could see all who passed, either in or out.

“For Heaven’s sake,” said Charlotte, hastily joining us, “what is the meaning of all this? How is it you are not dancing, since it must, as he says, be so, with the Chevalier, and “no one else.”

Adelaide coloured, without knowing well why; she only answered—“The Duke is not here.”

“He was here within this half hour,” said Charlotte; “it is true, he only nodded as he passed, which I thought extraordinary.”

“Extraordinary indeed!” replied Adelaide; but recollecting that this might have been while we were making the circle of the rooms, and that he was probably then looking for her—“but he enquired for me?” said she.

To Charlotte's hesitating negative she had no time to reply, as the Chevalier, who had been absent a few moments, returned with a countenance so inflamed, and even furious, that Adelaide shrunk back.

"Why are *you* alarmed," said he to Adelaide, "you who are so innocent? For you, Mademoiselle St. Herman, you may look grave, aye, and tremble too at the rooted hatred of my soul, which your life cannot appease."

Considering the place, the time, and circumstances, I forbore to express my indignation at this rude attack on my daughter.

Adelaide, the very essence of gentleness, knew not from her own feelings what hatred was, and that any one could know Charlotte St. Herman without loving her, was a problem she could not comprehend—that she could indeed be an object of hatred was of course incredible; but this was no time for solving mysteries.—"Ah, there he is!" she exclaimed.

The

The Duke just looked in, saw us, and retired.

“ Yes,” said the Chevalier, “ there he is indeed, that brother, that happy, hated, elder brother !”

The Duke’s retreat from the entrance was not more astonishing than the Chevalier’s expressions.

But he proceeded—“ Yes,” he repeated, “ there he was, but did not, you see, mean to interrupt us. Come, Adelaide, let me be seated near you ; and, for the first time, perhaps the last, explain how it is that you have been the bane of my existence.”

“ Good Heavens, Chevalier !”

“ Aye, Adelaide, even so ; hear how all the gay hopes of aspiring youth have been blasted.”

“ Chevalier ! my dear Chevalier, are you mad ?”

“ Mad ! would to God I were ; madness is ecstasy to what I feel !”

Except you had seen and heard this strange man, you could conceive nothing

like him. Charlotte looked petrified ; but, without noticing his invectives to herself, begged him to consider where he was, to be more cautious of what he said, and to recollect that although his extravagance did not affect *her*, it would Adelaide.

“ Ah,” he returned, “ you are too good—to yourself. Who, what are you ? The daughter of the felon St. Herman, in good time at a ball of the *Grand Monarque* !—the spouse my good step-mother meant to bestow on a son of the Duke de Verencourt, to mix her vile blood with the best in France !”

Admitting this poor man to be in his senses, his treatment of my daughter, was, you must allow, no less unmanly than ungentlemanlike ; but I still remembered the presence from which one room only divided us, and only calmly reminded him, that this *vile blood* descended from the *best* in Scotland, and that the daughter of the felon St. Herman was actually natural heir to a British Peer.

“ Go,

“Go, go,” said he with rage, “you have undone me!”

“What is this?” cried Adelaide, bursting into tears, “is it you, Charlotte, is it you, Madame St. Herman, who are thus vilified? Ah Chevalier! I grieve for you, your senses are gone, alas, poor Chevalier! Oh, why does the Duke avoid us? I wish I could commit you to his care.”

“His care!—rather pray,” and he lowered his voice, “pray that I may not bury my dagger in his heart!”

“Oh, do not terrify me thus. What has he done? or what have you done?”

I now grew exceedingly uneasy. We began to attract notice; and what I knew would be extremely disagreeable, and indeed disgraceful to the Court, was, I feared, on the point of happening.

I whispered Adelaide to retire with me to her mother’s apartment; but he pushed rudely between us.

“You have made me,” said he, “a
к 3 paricide!

paricide ! Did I not hasten the end of the best of fathers and of men ? Am I not in heart already a fratricide ? Am I not plunging in guilt and desperation ? Oh Adelaide, Adelaide ! for *you*, all—all for you ! Oh pity and forgive ! From childhood to this hour, and to the last breath of my life, I adore you ! My brother cannot love like me ; his soul cannot hang on you as mine has done. To him you cannot be ever present ; your image, your look, your voice, will not pursue *him* as it has done *me*, over the dreary heath, the rain pouring on my bare head, and the winds roaring to my distraction. Yes, whole nights have I wandered thus, in hope to forget you, to forget myself ; but oh how vain ! The fraud that would have given Adelaide to me, would have been piety, it would have saved a soul ; and but for that fiend you would have been mine ; my brother would have given you up ; the citizen and her riches would have been his,
and

and you, ever adored choice of my heart, you would have been mine. He can live without you, I cannot. Oh then——”

“ Base villian, Oh thou liar !” burst in thunder from behind us, where the Duke heard the last part of this frantic speech.

The Chevalier, intoxicated with wine and passion, needed no stimulus to downright madness. He returned the “ liar” with a blow ; both their swords were in a moment drawn ; the confusion became general ; the dancers dispersed ; the company from the other apartments left their tables ; the guards were called ; Adelaide’s name reached her mother ; she flew to us in such visible terror and distress, as, added to the shock of so indecorous, so ill-timed, and unnatural a broil, not only prevented my informing her, but effaced the leading particulars from my own immediate recollection.

All indeed we ever understood was, that the Chevalier had taken so much pains to report the engagement of Mademoiselle de

Courville to dance with him, and *no one else*, it was mentioned in his brother's presence at the guard dinner, and the Duke heard it with a sensation of pique which could not be exactly called jealousy, though he resolved not to appear in the saloon; but, like other love resolutions, which inflicts torture on itself, to mortify a beloved object, it yielded to the desire of witnessing the manner in which Adelaide would perform her engagement.

He had followed us round the rooms, and looked at our party from the entrance opposite to where we were seated, whence he beheld the Chevalier and Adelaide in what appeared an interesting conversation. He resolved to return immediately to Versailles. His carriage was called for that purpose; but the magnet of his attraction remained, and he felt a sudden curiosity to know the subject of her conversation with *his* brother. He returned by a different entrance, and reached the back of our seat, when amazement at the wild

wild expressions of the Chevalier was blended with wonder, and perhaps a little anger at the conduct of her lover. The guards demanded the Duke's sword, which, too late sensible of his rashness, "the youth, who all things but himself subdued," delivered, and returned to the officers with whom he had dined; but the Chevalier, intoxicated as he certainly was, found means to escape to his city friends.

At such a period, when the friends of loyalty were so reduced in number as well as value, an incident like this was of serious consequence.

When people chuse to be indiscreet, every insignificant becomes a judge; but as the self-created censors are seldom united, those who defended the Duke pronounced the blow to be a disgrace of so heinous a nature, that nothing but blood could atone. Others who volunteered on the side of the Chevalier maintained, that the mortal affront, which no officer could put up with, was not the blow, but the lie.

“ Alas! my friends,” cried the Marquise, “ they are brothers !”

“ *N'importe*,” answered one of the champions of honour, “ if it was my father.”— And joined another—“ If it were my son, nothing would satisfy honour but death.”

Before the Duchess left her chamber the next morning, we were with her, with the alarming history of the last evening. The courtiers were filled with indignation at the little respect shewn their Majesties. All interference were vain ; no office of friendship would reconcile the world to either, if they forgave each other.

Unable either to resolve or execute, vexed, disconcerted, and trembling for the consequences, it was in vain the poor Marquise and our dear Adelaide had flown to the Duchess, their only comforter was the Abbe Riccobini.—“ This,” said he, “ is a breach, which, with patience, in a short time will heal of itself.”

At Court, of course, they were all partizans of the Duke, where he continued on his

parole, obedient to the command of his Majesty; while the Chevalier, in actual defiance of authority, was sheltered and defended by the Jacobin faction.

There were at this period exertions making to re-establish the King's authority, under the influence of the great and good Prince of Condé, and some regiments, one of which was that to which the Chevalier belonged, expelled every officer whose principles were doubted.

“ Oh St. Herman !” said Julia, “ could I have thought that I should so soon have blessed the mercy that called my adored husband from this world of sorrow !”

The Chevalier's dismissal from the regiment, had been read at the head of his own corps, and sent to him, with every mark of contempt and detestation; but he was now in a corps where distinctions of honour were of very little consequence.

I can never describe the anxiety in which we now lived. The Duke was still on his parole with the guard at the Castle. The

motives for his presence in Languedoc were growing every hour more indispensable, and the period fixed for his marriage was fast approaching; but it was in vain the Duchess urged the necessity of family arrangements; in vain that Adelaide explained every circumstance at the ball, and insisted on the intoxicated state of the Chevalier; he would not purchase liberty by fixing a stigma on his honour, but while he writhed with torture, continued under guard at the Thuilleries, preferring being crushed by a thunderbolt, to an act of meanness.

Still the royalists were making, as they flattered themselves, successful efforts for the King. The affair of the fifth and sixth of October was revived, and the Duc d'Orleans, with Mirabeau, publicly accused of contriving the Queen's murder.

This trial, which had been deferred on account of the general confusion, now entirely engrossed the Chevalier. But let me not dwell on minutiae which even now turns my blood cold.

The

The *Châtelet* who condemned the amiable, accomplished, innocent Marquis St. Taveras without evidence, without even a semblance of other crime than that of loving his Sovereign, acquitted two men charged with regicide, whose guilt was proved by three hundred respectable witnesses. This acquittal was the general signal for such outrageous riots and insubordination of all the lower order, as rendered our future residence in this miserable country a constant scene of fear, danger, and insult.

It was now that I reminded the Duchess of the late Duke's presentiments and conversation, when we last left her *chateau*. Not doubting the fidelity of Volard, she was anxious to resign her estates to the Chevalier, and retire to some asylum, where, if we heard the distant tempest, it might be without fear of being crushed by it.

The Abbe Riccobini, so far from opposing, encouraged those sentiments, and it soon happened that the Duke was in a situation

to forward the arrangements on which they depended.

The Chevalier, of whom we had not lately heard, emerged, not out of, but into obscurity; he had, horrid to relate, been on a factious mission to his own native province, and at his return, was publicly fraternized as a confirmed patriot at the Jacobin Club.

The Duke on this, considering him as fallen beneath the sword of a man of honour, renounced all consanguinity and connection with a brother so self-degraded, accepted his enlargement, and resolved immediately to proceed to his castle in Languedoc. He appeared once at Court, with his beautiful affianced bride, and received the congratulation of the King and Queen, as well as those of the admiring courtiers, before he set off.

The parting of the lovers was all confident affection on her side—all manly tenderness on his. We assembled a few friends

friends the evening previous to his departure; but the meetings of people of rank were now very different to what I remembered them.

The same thing indeed might be said in respect to people of another rank, for they too were different enough.

The suppers of Madame Chevereux, for instance, were every night superb; on those of her own particular and select ones they were superlative. Her visitors were no longer confined to the wives of corn-contractors, notaries, and sausage-makers; there were but too many Nobles, who, having forfeited the respect of their own body, had been under the necessity of making new acquaintance, who attended them. We were more than an hour getting up to the gate, and the adjoining streets were full of the splendid carriages of her company.

At the Hotel de Courville, compelled to less *eclat*, we were even afraid to let the flambeaux be seen in the court; and our half dozen carriages were sent away the
moment

moment the owners alighted. We were, however, tolerable company.

The ladies talked of emigrating, as they used to do of parties of pleasure. The only thing Mademoiselle Montart regretted in the emigration of her five sisters, was the pleasure of which the Countess Reubelle was deprived, by leaving her *petit chien* behind, a misfortune she feared past remedy, because, when her own arrangements were complete, and her passport obtained, she meant to take with her own *petit chien*, a *marmouset* belonging to Count Ralph, and a favourite parrot of her aunt Brune's, who had emigrated at the age of eighty.

This might be amusing ; but I presumed to ask Mademoiselle Montart if her friends had fixed any time for their return.

“ Oh yes,” she replied, “ as soon as the people are in their senses ; who, indeed, could have believed they would have remained mad so long !”

A deep sigh from the Abbe made me start. I looked in his venerable face ; he
affected

affected to be trifling with his great favourite, Charlotte ; but I saw the lineaments of deep sorrow. The conversation perhaps did not appear more light to him than it did to me. I could not tell why I was alarmed, but so it was ; yet, considering his advanced age, and that he was parting with the being he best loved on earth, I endeavoured to forget this affecting sigh.

The Duke was to have seen us in the morning. He did a wiser thing : instead of going to rest, he threw himself into his chaise, and, as his billet to Adelaide expressed it, shortened his absence six whole hours ; and this reminds me that rest may be acceptable to your Ladyship, as well as to your faithful and devoted

H. ST. HERMAN.

PACKET XIV.

WE all returned on the next day to Versailles. The Duchess intended to leave that seat soon after the marriage of her children, and return to the hotel of her late father, which had been occupied by a relation of the family since his death. That relation was now emigrated; and as the Palais de Verencourt, if habitable, would be the proper residence of the young Duke, she fixed to return to the scene of our happy childhood, which she hoped would be that of quietude in age.

The Abbe Riccobini had promised his pupil to employ himself during his absence in

in assorting all the papers of the late Duke, which had not been inspected by his sons, and he immediately entered on the solemn business.

We had passed a week in tranquillity, when a storm burst over our heads for which we were totally unprepared.

I must have painted very ill, my dear Lady N., if you are not acquainted enough with the Abbe Riccobini, to know, that all temporal considerations were secondary to the duties of his sacred profession; and he had so offended the new modellers of religion, by firmly adhering to all its ancient functions, that he was ordered to retire to a monastery of more conceding monks, near Courbevaye, four leagues from Paris.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this misfortune on our little circle, a misfortune of which, deeply as we regretted it, we could not then know the extent. He was the spiritual director of the family. His piety was blended with a modesty so unassuming,

unassuming, a good humour so unaffected, and a philanthropy so characteristic of a true Christian, that the appeal to his wisdom and experience, seemed rather the interchange of affectionate confidence than implicit deference on one side and solemn infallibility on the other. "He saw truth at a glance, and expressed it in a word." Besides this, aged, infirm, and retired as was his habits, there was a protection in his presence that always gave us spirit; when, therefore, this dear loved member was torn from a grieving helpless family of females, in the absence of their only supporter, no wonder the mournful parting could never be forgotten; the tears that followed him to the chaise, when not allowed by the officer of the National Guard to pass one moment with us in the oratory, were not dry, before another piece of afflicting news arrived, which convinced us that nothing but distress was permanent in this unfortunate country.

The faction, or, as they called themselves,

selves, the " patriots," were persuaded by *somebody*, that the Duke de V. was one of the most irreconcilable and strenuous enemies of the new system. Since the Chevalier's excursion to the province, and unauthorised visit to the Castle, all the portables of value had been removed, whether by his direction, or the dishonesty of Volard, who was absconded, could not be ascertained.

The tenants, relieved from feudal duty, and settling their own price on their respective farms, no longer boasted of the ancient grandeur of that family, to whom they were hereditary tenants, nor remembered the mildness, the bounty, or the forbearance of that Lord who had been their common parent.

Instead of forming groups to meet the young Duke, and hail his appearance among them with the usual demonstrations of general joy, a cold insolence, and even menace, marked their sullen demeanour.

The hamlets were no longer adorned with those wreaths of gay flowers, which
used

used to speak an universal holiday at the approach of the family to their ancient demesne : the women, who stood gazing with unbent knees, were too much occupied by the new system of reform to cultivate flowers.

The Duke de V. passed to his Castle, unattended by any but his own suite, and there he found order and peace superseded by confusion and insubordination.

The young men had all quitted the service of their Lord, and entered into that of the National Assembly.

The steward, without taking the trouble to settle his accounts, had become a leader of faction, and captain of a company.

The porter, being a German, saved his life by flight.

The young women had either followed their lovers, or commenced patriotism on their own accounts.

The aged domestics of both sexes, who, according to the ancient custom of the Castle, claimed the privilege of dying, where
they

they were born, remained the only inhabitants of the late grand and hospitable mansion.

“ But Volard, my father’s confidential domestic, in whom he confided, who was attached to him from infancy—where is he ?” asked the Duke.

“ Alas ! my Lord,” answered an old man, wiping his eyes, “ it is Volard that has most afflicted us : he is, if possible, a greater villain than Captain la Roche, our steward ; what was left by the one, was gleaned by the other. Some people indeed say they both obeyed the commands of the Chevalier, who,” lowering his voice, “ we are told is a very great patriot ; but we must not believe every thing, the Chevalier remained here only a few hours ; and though Volard did not certainly stay hardly longer than the gates closed before he also set off, the steward was turned captain before your brother came into the country.

The Duke could hear no more, he
entered

entered his father's closet and wept ; tears, which, however amusing the assertion, may be as necessary to the relief of a brave and manly heart, as to that of the most gentle female, were not in this painful moment denied to him.

The rich and elegant fixtures still remained. His father's *escritoir* yet stood under the gold fringed canopy, adorned with trophies ; but every drawer was empty. He entered an interior closet, where the hereditary jewels and ornamental plate were used to be shewn to the admiring travellers, few of whom passed through Languedoc without visiting Verencourt Castle ; he searched the repositories—not a vestage of their former treasure were to be found.

St. Fal, the Duke's valet, heard from one of the women, that she had seen the ghost of Volard enter that closet at midnight, only two nights since. Neither the Duke nor his valet credited the ghostly part of the information ; it was nevertheless
very

very acceptable, as it proved that the corporeal substance had not yet quitted the country.

But though the Duke was at this moment overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment, it was not merely the loss of his riches, nor even a presentiment of the fatal scenes which would soon desolate his native province, that now most afflicted him: no, it was that which had thrown to the ground "joy's baseless fabric."

It was here, when, after the Duke's marriage, we accompanied them to Languedoc, he had first seen Adelaide.

He well remembered every spot where his juvenile fancy had been charmed, and hoped to have retraced the fairy footsteps of infant grace with her, whose impression on his heart, from that hour, had been indeliable; to re-ascend with her the proud eminence that seemed to mock the ocean's troubled world; to mark its glassy and deceitful surface; to visit the fruitful closs;

to range among the happy and contented peasants ; to administer to their wants ; to exchange the comforts of the rich, for the blessings of the poor ; to hail her the delight, the wonder, and mistress of all these, were the blessings he had promised himself, and these were lost !

Often had he whispered those pleasing visions in her listening ear ; often had he read in her downcast eye and glowing cheek, that the recollection of those first scenes were yet vivid in her heart, and that all his wishes were her's.

But, alas ! these delights were no longer his ; the arcadian vision was vanished, changed to dismal loneliness and solitary grandeur—mementos of the insecurity of mortal felicity. Here his father's image, now frowning on the fading glory of his race, now melting in tenderness over the grief of one son, and now denouncing vengeance on the apostacy of the other, rose to his mental view, filled every space,
and

and followed all his steps!—No, it was not here the Duke de V. could wish to bring his lovely bride.

One solitary sheet of paper lay on the *escritoir*. It already bore too sensible witness to his feelings; but, blotted as it was, he sent it off to the Duchess, and this is the copy.

“ Alas! Madame, I am a stranger in my father’s demesne! My vassals avoid me as if it was a reproach to them to remember who I am! I have lost the fidelity and affection of my peasants; and my castle retains no trace of its once dear inhabitants! My father, my dear, honoured, lamented father——But why do I apostrophise him? he is happily removed!

“ Well, Madame, the standing furniture of his apartments are entire; but your’s are stripped of all the ornaments that spoke

the taste and elegant occupations of the mistress.

“ The anti-chamber, the lesser salon, the dressing-room, the interior closet, and chamber, which I designed for Adelaide, are no more ; the apartments indeed yet stand, but all the embellishments, so dear to me for the sake of her who was, and her who will be, mistress here, are gone.

“ And must I wound your heart with more instances of human depravity?—It is by our own confidential domestics that we are ruined !

“ La Roche, who had large arrears in his possession, has not left a vestige of his accounts ; and Volard, my God ! what shall we say of him !—what a sweep has he made ! Here are no jewels ! no plate ! no papers ! Would to God I had come here immediately after the death of the best of fathers ; but what avails regret ? In the midst of fraud and ruin, I yet remember the treasures of which I am not, and I
trust

trust cannot, be despoiled : would I were with them !

“ Adieu, adieu,

“ De V.”

The treachery of Volard most particularly affected the Duchess. In the confidence of the late Duke, she had reason to believe he was entrusted with the valuables in her *chateau*. The French funds were a bank in air ; she had great deposits there, besides Adelaide's fortune and mine, and we considered its credit as very uncertain. The stewards in Lorrain had not yet indeed become patriots, but the tenants were ; of course no rents could be gathered. The estates of the Marquis de Courville had already passed to his next heir, and the very moderate income of the Marquise scarce sufficed to support her rank and household expences. The money, therefore, the Duchess had happened to

bring from her *chateau*, with her mother's jewels, and those, with the plate, saved by the Abbe from the Palais de Verencourt, was all that was certain of her great fortune; for as to estates, they were becoming the property of the nation, to be given and taken back like children's toys.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, "while there remains an altar dedicated to thee, I shall find a resting place; but my children, my friends——"

It was now that the absence of the Abbe Riccoboni appeared to the Duchess as the greatest of misfortunes. She took no rest that night.—"One sentence," said she, "from the lips of that good man, would encourage and console me—without it I despair."

Adelaide suggested the idea, since the Abbe could not come to us, of going to him; and Charlotte, still the friend and confidant of Ninon, procured, through the interest of Monsieur *l'Avocat*, what the King himself could not grant, which was permission

permission to have access to the Abbe Riccobini at the Monastery of Courbevaye."

While this good man was with us, occupied by his duty to God, and the reciprocal offices of kindness in the family, his intercourse with the world was confined to some learned members of the Academy, and priests of his own principles. Now, though removed from them and us, and in close confinement, he was well informed of all that was passing in the troubled world of his own country.

But what can escape a society of inquisitive monks? The Abbot of this Monastery was a wonder of that era; he had imbibed the poison of the new philosophy without destroying his moral principles; and though he was a staunch Jacobin, retained the sentiments of gratitude. He remembered that he owed his first establishment in the world to the Abbe Riccobini, and he respected that virtue which he had not himself courage to imitate.

His orders for the strict confinement of the

Abbe, and preventing his correspondence with his friends, could not be dispensed with; but he experienced every other indulgence that could soften imprisonment; and, as in this society as in all others, there were a mixture of good and bad, the Abbe shared the confidence of the former, without rendering himself obnoxious to the latter.

The joyful satisfaction that spoke in his tearful eye, when I was announced, gratified and affected me. I threw myself at his feet, and with tears, as much excited by his present situation, as by the subject, explained to him all that had happened, and requested, in the name of the Duchess, both his prayers and advice.

“ In order,” said he, “ to keep open at least the *hope* of a second indulgence like this, we must be calm and brief.”

“ Great and dismal events may be at this instant on the *tapis*.—The Emperor Joseph is no more. It is only yet known to the confidential friends of the Royal Famliiy,

Family, and by them considered as such an addition to their insecurity, as will certainly induce them to leave France.

The aunts of the King, aware of the impending evil, and by no means confident of personal security, have at this time an agent at Rome to settle a retreat for them in the Pope's dominions, and are actually now making preparation to remove thither. This example he advised the Duchess immediately to follow. I fell into a passion of tears; all her plans of happiness, settled with such noble and disinterested zeal for others more than herself, must they all end thus?—must that incomparable woman, yet in the meridian of life, be obliged to abandon her country, deprived of her once-immense fortune, and seek protection in the seclusion of a convent?

The good man wept.—“Have patience, Madame,” said he, “your friend and you are enthusiasts of the highest order but we must no longer view the world through our own optics. It is not of what *may*,

but what *will* happen, that I speak. If such men as La Roche, who, with all his generation, were children of the De V.'s bounty; if Volard, who was the attendant of the late Duke from his infancy, and whose treachery does not more grieve than astonish me; if these men have thus dared to despoil the widow and children of their benefactor, what security have *we* under laws which protect *them*? You and your daughters may remove when, and where you please, by passport from the English Ambassador.

“ Ah, my good father,” I answered, “ if you were at liberty.”

“ Yes,” replied he, “ I see, I feel it all; it is a separation of exquisite grief and difficulty. Oh, how many of the dearest ties of friendship, of consanguinity, of affection, must be burst asunder!—what oceans of blood will deluge this unhappy land before the dove of peace will find a resting place! Hasten, hasten, Madame, to our common, our virtuous, our blessed friend; tell her
my

my tears flow for her and her's ; she will not doubt my prayers ; charge her to fly, to fly from anguish and insult. The Duke will not abandon the King, I know him ; but he is young, brave, and a man, able to conquer what would kill her to witness. Let your daughter, that lively, warm-hearted child, remain with the Chevereux, while you continue in Paris ; she is safe there, and may be useful.

“ But Adelaide, my other as dear and more lovely child, Oh father ! what will become of her ? The Marquise——”

“ Alas ! Madame, I feel it all ; but we must submit to him whose unerring hand might hurl his vengeance on us at this moment.”

“ Oh may the Almighty God preserve my pupil to be the defender of his King, the friend of his country, the protector of his family, and the honour of his race ; it is his fate which will determine that of Adelaide, and if in the general ruin

he must fall"——The Abbe paused; I could not speak.

A monk appeared pale and trembling.—
“ We are going,” said he, “ to prostrate ourselves at the altar; the enemy of mankind is at large among the Bretons; they are massacreing without regard to age or sex !”

“ It will be too late,” cried the Abbe in agitation. “ Farewell, Madame, farewell ! we part, perhaps to meet here no more; but we shall, yes, repeat it to your Julia, the man who loves her soul, anticipates a joyful meeting with her.”

He could utter no more; supported by the monk, he hastily retired, but returned before I could recover sufficient composure to leave the Monastery.

“ I affect, I distress you,” said he. “ You come to me for advice, and you find me weaker than infancy. I have no resolution, I *can* have none till the Duchess is out of France; but I have means to correspond
with

with my pupil. The superior of this house has worldly wisdom, but he is not an apostate in heart. He is related to the younger Mirabeau, and will receive the Duke's letters for me; but I will not suffer the Duchess to run the same risk till she is out of France, lest any unfortunate accident should occur to prevent her."

I received his faltering *benediction* on my knees; and, occupied by the miserable alternative of parting with my friend or abandoning Adelaide, was set down at the hotel drowned in tears.

I found the Duchess supported by Adelaide and Charlotte. Ninon, whose delicacy prevented her often seeing us, when there was a possibility of meeting the Comte, now constantly accompanied Charlotte; they were all in tears.

Another express from the Duke had announced his expectation that the Castle would be demolished. It had been visited by an armed multitude, who came for the purpose of insisting on the Duke's declaring himself

himself a friend to the new constitution. Fortunately some flying reports respecting Volard's having narrowly missed the National Guards, and escaped to a little fishing hamlet belonging to the Duke's estate on the sea-coast, had induced him to make personal enquiries, so that he was out when the threatening visit was paid. His letter concluded with a faint hope that he should yet discover Volard, as he had traced him to his haunt, and intended, the next morning, to pursue him thither, whatever might become of the Castle in the mean time.

It is impossible for me to describe, and equally so for you to conceive, our situation at this moment. Charlotte and Ninon, who both saw and heard much more of the horrid lengths to which fanaticism and plunder were carried, under the name of patriotism, in all parts of the kingdom, than reached us, looked at each other in speechless terror ; the Duchess attending, in silent anguish, to Adelaide, who, dear creature,

creature, while tears obscured her sight, endeavoured in vain to select some passage of consolation from the mass of distress. As to me, the voice of the Abbe still melting on my ear, and the razing the Castle before my eye, I sat stupified, till a dark veil seemed to drop between me and the world. But, though I soon recovered, you will not suspect we were much relieved by rest. The Abbe's communication, his advice, and situation, added to the state of affairs in Languedoc, sufficiently engrossed us till morning. The Marquise came early, but she was never now the bearer of good news: day after day passed, and the silence of the Duke became so distressing, that the Duchess proposed a second visit to the Abbe. Our powerful friend's application did not, however, succeed; and, without regular leave, it was in vain to go to the Monastery. Our dreadful suspense still continued. We had brought the cause to one of two certainties: the Duke was

either murdered by Volard, or he had fallen into the hands of the patriots.

At length St. Fal presented himself with a countenance so woe-begone, that, like old Priam, we saw our Troy was lost before he spoke.

The Duke left his Castle, attended only by his valet, at an early hour in the morning; notwithstanding the wind had arisen almost to a tempest. He reached the fisherman's hovel, to which Volard had been traced.

The fisherman's wife and four children had crept to the top of an high projecting rock, to watch for the return of a boat, in which, two days before, her husband had been prevailed on to embark, with a man whom they knew to be a domestic of Verencourt Castle.

"The man," said she, "a pest take him; had been creeping about our hovel eight days, expecting the signal from a ship, which, he said, would take him in. At last the ship did appear, but no signal: however,
my

my poor Jerome was tempted by his gold ; but they were no sooner launched than foul weather came on, and there," continued she, pointing, " is our little skiff drifting about at the mercy of this tempest. God help my poor husband ! he can neither make home nor get out to sea."

The waves were moving mountains, and a black speck, to which the woman pointed, was visible only at intervals, rising one moment on the summit of the angry billows, and appearing to be immersed beyond hope the next.

But even in this distant and dangerous situation, the probable sight of the villain who had betrayed his trust, and the packages containing the ill acquired booty, rather increased than lessened his eagerness to apprehend him. Still the tempest raged, the horizon darkened, and the gusts of wind were so tremendous, that the poor woman was glad to gather her children to her, and creep down the
rock,

rock, lamenting what now appeared to be the inevitable fate of her husband.

The greater the danger to which Volard exposed himself to secure his booty, the higher rose the indignation of his injured Lord—no risk seemed too great to punish the thief, and obtain restitution of the immense treasures of which he had possessed himself, and St. Fal was commanded to hire a vessel at any price; but, although the few poor families in the hamlet had made great profits by the emigration of people whose lives were in peril, the aspect of the Heavens were so portentous, that, to St. Fal's great joy, none were found hardy enough to accept his golden offers.

The Duke, with the black speck still sometimes visible, became so impatient and irritable, that an old man, whom adversity attracted to the spot, no sooner understood who he was, and the injury he had sustained, than he resolved to assist in so good a cause, if himself and his skiff went to the
bottom,

bottom, to the great terror of St. Fal, who had hoped, that the warmth of the Duke's resentment would subside, before he hazarded his own life, in pursuit of a criminal, on whom, after all, it was not certain he would inflict the punishment due to his atrocious guilt. A shower of rain now seemed to allay the storm, the horizon cleared, and the little black speck was discerned making towards a large vessel which now appeared in sight, at a great distance, instead of approaching the shore.

The Duke doubled and trebled his first offers, and two stout young men agreed to share the danger, and partake of the reward with the old fisherman, who had volunteered in the business. A stout vessel was immediately launched, and brought so near shore, that, notwithstanding the surf, and still tremendous motion of the waves, the Duke was enabled, by the help of a strong plank from shore, to embark with safety. St. Fal was in the act of following, but, wanting the strength and activity, as well, perhaps,

perhaps, as zeal of his Lord, had not reached the vessel, when a sudden gust of wind carried it from the shore, and engulfed him in the sea; the returning wave, however, left him on the beach, and the intuitive desire of life, natural to all, supplied strength and presence of mind to gain a sufficient distance to escape the force of the next wave, and to perceive the impossibility of rejoining the Duke, who was already almost out of sight.

The rain again ceased; the wind rose with still greater violence; the women were seen, in all directions, running towards the beach, and conjuring the men to return.

The Duke, on his part, probably suspecting that if he consented to any efforts for taking his valet in, the tears and entreaties of the females might operate even more strongly than gold; he, therefore, waved his hat towards the shore, and employed all his rhetoric in encouraging the men to proceed, which very soon became unnecessary

unnecessary—for the irresistible element, blowing strong from shore, left them without choice.

The storm continued with unabated violence; the beach was crowded with women. The first fisherman's wife beat her bosom, and tore her hair—the little speck was no longer visible, nor could the other vessel be, for some time, distinguished, even from the top of the rock, where the inhabitants now crowded; and, while the spray of each returning wave washed over them, every eye was strained towards the interesting vessel. The thunder roared, and the lightning flashed; but it was the hearts of mothers, of wives, and of children, that beat with anxious terror for all the protection this world afforded—and what was the tempest to them!

Neither did St. Fal shrink from the pitiless storm. He lamented the safety, for which he was indebted to accident, and stood in his wet clothes, on the point of the rock, seeking a ray of comfort from one
more

more glance of the vessel that contained the best of masters. A billow, which rose to the skies, gratified him, but terrified the rest of the more experienced spectators: it was again engulfed; a general shriek announced its fate—it was seen no more!

St. Fal, however, would not move. What was the straining of aching eyes to the regret and sorrow of his heart? He remained on the point of the rock till day closed. The black and turbulent ocean was only felt and heard: no star lighted his solitary way as, amid the roar of contending elements, and, for the first time, sensible of his wet and comfortless situation, he crept to the first cottage, from which he perceived a glimmer of light; but there all was desolation—a father, a husband, was lost, and they had little sympathy to bestow on his lighter sorrows. He, however, crept to another, where he obtained dry clothes, such as they were, and clean straw.

The day broke, and a serene sky shewed the rock, the beach, and the sea, but not a boat of any kind, nor a single vestige of the storm of yesterday.

St. Fal again took his station on the point of the rock, where he continued to the close of two successive days before he returned to the Castle with the melancholy tidings of their Lord's disaster.

The grief and consternation of the aged domestics was now soon settled to downright despair. The Castle was taken possession of, by order of the National Assembly, in the name of Charles Verencourt; and St. Fal, with his fellow domestics, brought that news to us, which had been known to the Chevalier eight days.

Although the certainty that the Duke had escaped the murder, and even torture, that had been inflicted on many of the Nobles in the province, afforded some feeble consolation, yet the catastrophe was the same—the Duke was no more, and the Duchess might well say, she had no longer
business

business in a world where she was bereaved of all support and protection.

The collateral branches of all her family had either emigrated or joined the new order; the former she had abjured, the latter she despised. Her mind was not formed for casual friendships—her friendships, or rather intimacies, for she was the general friend of mankind, were few and unchangeable; but I am speaking of one too good for the world, while you are, perhaps, thinking of her whose entrance into it, is marked with misfortune.

“ Poor, poor, Adelaide !” exclaimed the Duchess.

“ What ! what of Adelaide ?” said she, rushing from her mother’s arms into our chamber ; “ what of the miserable Adelaide ? The Duke is dead, murdered, torn to pieces—is there more than that ? St. Fal talks without meaning. Why did he leave us ? Was not my heart his sanctuary ?”

“ Sit by me, my love,” said the Duchess. “ Let me speak to my child.”

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! no, no ! ” she replied, “ it was you that sent him away, my beloved, my Verencourt—you sent him to be murdered ; they say his body is not to be found, but I will find him ; ” and suddenly she escaped from us all, and, passing the astonished Swiss with incredible swiftness, reached the street.

We alarmed the domestics, and were all pursuing her, when we met her supported by a person, whom she had permitted to conduct her back. It was dusk : lights were brought, and we beheld our dear child in the arms of the Chevalier, so pale, and with such anguish in his countenance, as disarmed the first impulse of resentment.

In this sad and solemn moment, the Duchess beheld in him all that was left of her adored husband ; his countenance portraying real grief, his eyes swimming with tears, and his father’s likeness in every feature. He flew to her feet, and she welcomed the hope, that the misfortunes of

his family, with the last awful warning, would recall him to that honour, and those duties, he had so shamefully abandoned.

He had, indeed, mourned, severely mourned, the early fate of an only brother, whose title, fortune, or any other advantage, would have had no share in his heart's estrangement from the fraternal tie, had it been free from one fatal bias.

But, if he had not consented, certain it is, he did not oppose that visit of the faction at the Castle, which, had the Duke been at home, as he unquestionably would have supported his own right and dignity, might have ended fatally; and, though this did not happen, a certain register of conscience, from which the most abandoned cannot always escape, reminded him of the injuries and grief he had occasioned to the most noble of human hearts, whose generosity, goodness, and every amiable virtue that could adorn his age and character, recurred with painful minuteness to his recollection;

lection ; even the grief of Adelaide for his rival, now that rival was no more, became sacred.

“ How am I to receive you, Charles,” said the Duchess, in an agony of tears ; “ my sad heart yearns to recognise the son of my husband—now, alas ! his *only* son. I *would* recognise him as heir to his virtues, as well as estate. Oh, Charles ! are you, will you be, that son ? ”

Adelaide, suddenly recovered from transient insanity, lay panting on a sofa, her mother weeping over her.

The Chevalier did not answer the Duchess. His mind seemed struggling with itself ; he folded her hands in his ; and, after looking some moments with excessive tenderness on Adelaide, hastily left us without speaking.

“ Ah ! ” said the Duchess, shaking her head, “ goodness seldom wants expression. I fear that young man ; he dares not trust the sentiments of his heart to speech.”

Sorrow, which had rendered Adelaide's naturally good constitution delicate, added strength to her mind; always fearful of the return of a malady, which she justly considered as the most dreadful visitation of Providence, she had made the attainment of fortitude and resignation the peculiar study of her private hours; and, from the time when the Duke's death was known, her mind was made up. She became more constant than ever in her devotions, and was often also shut up with the Duchess, when every other person was excluded. Oh, how my heart sunk! I presaged a separation which might be for ever, and a short time proved that my apprehensions were not unfounded.

The Duchess, to avoid, as she said, being longer the sport of temporal calamity, determined to follow the advice of the Abbe Riccobini, and Adelaide announced her resolution to accompany her.

Charlotte's aversion to a monastic life was invincible. We might, indeed, follow
our

our friends and reside near them, but leaving France at this time, and by that means risking the entire loss of the generous provision made for us by our friends, would be, I felt, in regard to my daughter, an unmotherly act; the evil, from which I thought myself securely protected, might return, and I was much less able to endure poverty now, than when it before met me in so many hideous forms—but these were after reflections, at that moment I only felt the anguish of separation.

An event which interested all the first families in France could not remain secret. To the fatal accident of the Duke's death, of which every body was speaking, was added the insulting visit of the armed power at the Castle. It was mentioned, with great warmth, in the National Assembly; but, as the Chevalier was present, and did not open his lips on the subject, Mirabeau passed to the order of the day, and neither the late *ci-devant* Duke, his virtues, his injuries, nor his death, were again spoken

of. The Marquise, excused from attendance at Court, devoted herself to the more binding and interesting duty of attending to her afflicted daughter, and we removed to her hotel finally from Versailles.

The Chevalier, every day, presented himself and suite in the deepest mourning, with compliments of enquiry after the health of the Duchess, the Marquise, and Adelaide; but he was constantly dismissed without seeing either of them.

The affliction of the family could not fail to affect all who were sufferers, however remote, in the same cause. Our gates were crowded with enquirers; but except to one great character, whose sympathy and feeling conferred honour, and the ladies at Belle Vue, whose enquiries were distant, because politic, the Duchess was inaccessible.

Whatever foibles furnished the enemies of the Queen of France with arms against her peace and character, no trace of them remained now. The ladies, with whom I had the honour

honour to be connected, formed the most correct judgement of her mind, sentiment, and principle ; had a single action admitted of doubt, it would not have escaped them ; and, if she ever *had* faults, which of her accusers was authorised to cast the first stone ? To obtain even a probationary perfection, it requires that experience should lead us through many a fiery ordeal. Poor Maria Antoinette was now passing her's, and I worship her character at the time when it was "*good for her to have been afflicted.*"—I saw her twice at the Hotel de C. Well might a creature, whose natural manner was dignity itself, despise the mere form of that grandeur of which she was herself the essence.

Ninon submitted to part with Charlotte, as every reasonable being will submit to an act of necessity ; but her grief, when she heard of the fate of the Duke de V., was not the less poignant for the silence she imposed on herself.

Separated from the friend to whom only she could confide the delicate sorrow of her bursting heart, with whom she might have indulged the fond garrulity of passionate regret, Ninon indeed might be truly said to “pine in thought.”—The business of every day with her was to dispatch a domestic to the Hotel de Courville; to wait with impatience for the answer; to invent excuses for absenting from company; to retire to a remote apartment; to give herself up to grief; and to sacrifice health to secret sorrow.

Madame Chevereux was now so very fine a Lady, and so proud of the visits of renegade Nobles, that she even forgot the excellent management for which she had been so renowned in the city; and, as the new names on her porter's list would not so easily part with their *habits*, as they had done with their *honour* and *titles*, Madame Chevereux, like them, was content to be plundered by servants; to unknow her poor relations; to sit up all night, lay on
bed

bed all day, and invert the whole system of a good citizen; she had just time to wonder at Ninon's mourning; but, as every body remarked the advantage of black to a fine complexion, she was satisfied.

As long as forced spirits could sustain Ninon, the smile of resignation was seen to rest on her countenance; and, when her excuses would no longer be admitted, she dragged her hectic flush into company. The dress of the Chevalier, and even his countenance, were of her colour; but her sentiments had no sympathy with his; grief preyed on her vital strength, till, unable to combat or conceal its effects, she patiently resigned herself to the ravage of a nervous fever, which, before her parents were aware of her situation, reduced her to the most alarming state of debility.

It was not the grand visitor, M. Egalité, the facetious Abbe Rocquelar, the ever-amusing M. de V., no, nor the new friends who had so agreeably taught her the

inversion of time, that would now detach Madame C. from the sick-bed of her daughter. Among all the vanities of her weak mind, Ninon was the first and dearest: she spoke of nothing, thought of nothing, but her daughter, her virtuous, amiable, patient daughter; for now, that the gentle spirit scarce hovered over the almost exhausted clay, all her excellence of mind and disposition recurred to the distracted parents: the gate was no longer open to visitors. Twice the number of their regular domestics were employed in messages about the young invalid; the capital was ransacked for medical advice; and the moment a doubtful opinion transpired, every invalid they knew, or heard of, were applied to for recommendation to some physician who could avert the stroke of death: as there are few families who have not, at some period of their lives, been in fear of that awful change, they have generally a favourite *in petto* to whom they would apply on the return of such a momentous

momentous crisis—so that the hotel of M. Chevereux might justly have been called an assembly, if not a college, of physicians; who, however they differed concerning the disease of the patient, were of one opinion in respect to the gold of Monsieur *l'Avocat*.

No amendment was, however, perceptible in Ninon, who was at length so reduced, that her mother sat wringing her hands by the bedside, and her father fixed in a sort of stupid despair at the feet, expecting her dissolution every moment; when a deep sigh was followed by an indistinct sentence. Both the grieving parents leaned over the bed, eager, once more, to catch the words from lips they had feared were closed for ever, and after some time distinguished “Charlotte.”

“Oh, my God!” exclaimed the mother, “she calls for Charlotte St. Herman, that ingrate, who lets her die without so much as asking for her.”

“ Charlotte,” faintly repeated Ninon.

“ Yes, my heart,” sobbed the father,
“ you shall have your Charlotte—I will
send for her this moment.”

After a few unintelligible words inward,
“ Charlotte,” was repeated.

“ Send !——”

“ I will go myself this instant and fetch
her to my child,” cried the mother.

The intention and act were generally
the rapid successors of each other with
Madame Chevereux. The husband’s tears
flowed, while he talked of sending ; but
his wife, abusing Charlotte at every step,
got into her coach, which had never been
off the *pavé* from the hour Ninon took to
her bed, and ordered it to the Hotel de
Courville.

The time when the first woman in France
dared to indulge in the social enjoyments
which sweetens life, was long since passed :
she could no longer charm a select circle
at the homes of her distinguished friends ;
yet, through life, and to the hour of her
death,

death, the misfortune of those friends never ceased to be objects of her most sensible concern—and this happened to be one of the evenings when, with the utmost privacy, she condescended to honour the Duchess de V. with a condoling visit.

Persons of the highest rank, if they possess appropriate minds, are those who most gracefully dispense with ceremony.

Adelaide was, by command, seated, and leaning on Charlotte, who stood at the end of the Ottoman; the Duchess was also seated near the august visitor opposite; I was standing with the Marquise in a window recess, at the further end of the salon. The subject of conversation was the intended journey of the Princesses, which was interrupted by a disturbance from the stair, passing the corridor, and at length reaching the anti-room.

None of the domestics were apprised of the rank of the visitor; she came in the coach of the Minister Lamoigne, who, with

two

two other gentlemen, waited her return in the lesser salon.

The disturbance encreased. We heard Canton, the groom of the chamber, speak in a low persuasive tone; then the gentlemen more loud and resolute, followed by a sort of scuffle; the door flew open, and in rushed Madame Chevereux, her loose clothing disordered by the gentlemen's endeavours to prevent her entering.

You remember the enormous ugly caps French women were formerly in the habits of wearing *en déshabillé*. The one Madame Chevereux wore at the moment the physicians doubted of Ninon's recovery, still remained: she had on a loose soiled wrapper—her hair was most unsociably separated from the *tete*, as were the false curls from their fellows; the former making a mountain over the left ear, the latter hanging in all directions round her ample bloated face—and she was in the common Parisian undress—without stays.

The

The Queen, who saw an enemy in every shadow, and on whose memory a thousand faces like that of this intruder had left an indelible impression, was extremely alarmed.

“ It is Madame Chevereux ! ” exclaimed Charlotte.

“ Yes,” replied she, after a moment’s pause to recover her breath, “ it is Madame Chevereux. I compliment you on your tranquillity—here you are all as if nothing was the matter, while my poor Ninon is expiring.”

“ Expiring ! ” repeated Charlotte, too much affected to recollect in whose presence she was.

As the Marquise now understood, by a motion from her Royal Mistress, we were not to notice *her*, Madame C. was suffered to proceed her own way.

“ Yes, Miss ; but you can console yourself, ingrate as you are ; the last words of my poor Ninon —— ”

“ Dear Madame ! what are you saying ? ”

cried Charlotte, in breathless agitation, advancing towards the mother of her little friend.

“Ninon’s last words!” repeated Adelaide, “her *last* words!”

“Ah, yes, Miss! You too have been ill, I see—you look frightful. Who is your doctor?—where does he live?—what medicines do you take? I have had all the great physicians in Paris.—”

“My poor Ninon!” interrupted Charlotte.—“Ah, Madame! why did you not inform me?”

“Why did you not inform yourself, Miss?—answer that, ingrate! You have, among you, killed my poor child. Oh, that she had married the son of the Deputy Dimanche, or the son of Monsieur Egalité, or the——; but I am talking while she is expiring. I am come for you, Miss—she enquires for you—my coach is ready—I will have no excuse. The daughter of Monsieur *l’Avocat*—but what am I talking of *l’Avocat*? he might as well have been
a poor

a poor Noble, if his daughter's life cannot be saved. Oh, to think so great an heiress, the only child of so profound a Speaker, should be obliged to die like a common person ! but come, Miss, come—you *must* go with me."

Charlotte was in the greatest confusion—the looks of Adelaide seconded the request, or indeed command, of this strange woman, and her own heart impelled her ; but again, conscious in whose presence she stood, and ignorant how it became her to act, at length turning towards the Duchess—"With the permission of Madame," said she, profoundly courtesying, without presuming to lift up her eyes.

Madame C. had hitherto stood between the two Ottomans, facing Adelaide, to whom part of her speeches were addressed ; she now turned round, and either not observing, or not recollecting, the person of her Majesty, said, half addressing both Charlotte and the Duchess—

" Madame

“ Madame, *ci-devant* Duchess! You have my permission, Miss; and I should like to see a *ci-devant* of any rank who will say ‘no,’ when the spouse of Monsieur Chevereux says ‘yes.’”

Charlotte, who, notwithstanding the imperious airs of the Citoyenne, knew that she was seldom out of her favour, except when she left her hotel, and that a return there would, at any time, make her peace, plainly answered, that, if more respect was not shown to the presence they were in, whether *devant* or *ci-devant*, not all the Deputies or Orators in the Assembly should move her; and, therefore, though she longed to see her dear Ninon ——

She was proceeding with glowing cheek and energy, inspired by the august witness to so improper a scene; but that amiable persecuted woman, not chusing further to irritate so violent and vulgar a spirit, silenced her by one of those expressive looks which once made men mad; but now only sought justice and implored friendship.

“Go,”

“Go,” said Adelaide, drying the stealing tear from her cheek, “go to the amiable Ninon, and do not forget to make her understand the force of that friendship which bids you leave *me* to console *her*.”

Madame Chevereux, gratified by the kindness of Adelaide, and charmed by the alacrity with which Charlotte prepared to accompany her, protested, in a lowered tone of voice, that she had no pique against the *ci-devant* Duchess, not she; though it would have been well for her poor Ninon, if the Duke and Duchess, and all the race, had never left the hideous old Castle in Languedoc, which she understood the patriots would have quite demolished, had it not become the property of Charles de Verencourt.

It was in vain Charlotte, knowing the effect of this delicate apology on all present, endeavoured to stop the torrent of speech, till the—“Did you not say Ninon was expiring?” recalled her to herself.

“Ah!”

“ Ah !” cried she, “ that is true ; but do not forget to inform me who is Mademoiselle de Courville’s physician—what medicines she took—and where he resides.”

Charlotte promised every information as soon as they should reach the carriage.

“ And, if Madame the Duchess,” she continued, turning round with an air of respect, “ if Madame the Duchess——”

In this moment the acid humours of her disposition, not being so much afloat as when she before deigned to bend her looks that way, and her own sight probably becoming more clear, instead of encountering the melting black eye of the Duchess, it was the large clear blue ones of the August-Visitor ; she staggered back the whole length of the salon, with open mouth and extended eye-lids—but, if she was petrified at the sight of a face, where every softened grace combined to excite interest, how much greater the alarm which her gorgon countenance was calculated to inspire !

“ The

“ The Queen !” exclaimed Madame Chevereux, “ Marie Antoinette !!!”

“ Yes, my friend,” answered the charming woman, with a mild and native dignity ; “ and what has Marie Antoinette done to affright you ?”

It was neither shame, art, nor self-reproach, but the full and irresistible force of that enthusiastic and indefinable emotion of respect, tenderness, and attachment, which is the inherent sentiment of all monarchical governments towards their natural Prince, that sunk the bold, the loquacious, the undaunted wife of the great Orator, trembling, speechless, and overwhelmed with confusion, at the feet of a woman, whom, she had persuaded herself, she held in contempt, and whom she was in the habit of reviling.

The Queen, just, gracious, and benign, felt no triumph in her humiliation ; she motioned her to rise, with the air that endeared her to those who knew her innate goodness—expressed concern for the indisposition

position of the amiable Ninon—and, glancing compassionately at Adelaide, lamented both cause and effect.

Madame Chevereux wept and sobbed aloud.

“ Your Ninon is dear to you ? ”

“ Dear ! she is all the world to me ; we are very rich, but of what value are riches if Ninon does not inherit them ? I am much visited and respected, and I have the finest house in Paris ; but I had rather wash on the banks of the Seine, than live in a Palais without Ninon. My spouse is one of the finest Orators in the Assembly ; every body attends to the speeches of Monsieur *l'Avocat* Chevereux—but he will be for ever dumb if we lose Ninon.”

“ Oh, no doubt—all this is very natural. Go, my friend, attend your child—my prayers for her will follow you ; and, if God restores your daughter, do not you, in your joy, forget that I have also a daughter, amiable as your Ninon, and dear—ah, how dear to her mother ! remember this.”

“ Come,

“Come, Madame,” said Charlotte, softly,
“I am impatient.”

Madame C. again fell on her knees—we were all in tears; she could scarce articulate—
“I will not, I cannot forget, no indeed, never, never.”—You will conceive the consternation of the gentlemen attendant on the Queen, as well as those in waiting, when a woman so much resembling the patriotic viragos’, who then gave laws to Paris, forced an entrance; the former were, indeed, too much alarmed not to follow her very close—and Monsieur Lamoigne remonstrated very seriously against the Queen’s remaining a moment after the departure of the Citoyenne, or ever again exposing herself to such danger.

“If,” said he, very reasonably, “this sort of woman get an idea that her Majesty ventures out of the Castle without guards——”

“Ah, my God!” interrupted the Marquise,
“it would be dreadful.”

The Duchess threw herself at the Queen's feet, and implored her never again to hazard so great a peril. This very moment might be pregnant with danger, if that frightful woman should be carrying the history of her extraordinary adventure to any of her own sort.

I humbly observed, that I knew Charlotte too well to fear she would not take present care.

“ But,” said her Majesty, rising, “ there is no answering for events; and, if I escaped, the Marquise, nor her hotel, probably would not.”

She departed immediately, attended by the Marquise, after recommending it to the Duchess and Adelaide to console each other; and such consolation as a participation of rooted sorrow, a meek resignation to the severe dispensations of Providence, and hope of passing their lives in religious duties together, under a more peaceful government, afforded, was indeed interchanged between the adopted mother

mother and her beloved daughter. No doubt, as the duty of the Marquise bound her to the Queen, and as Charlotte had an inherent dislike to the seclusion of a Convent, they foresaw the difficulty of reconciling us to an arrangement of such solemn importance, and therefore, as I before said, shut us out of their councils.

The appearance of Charlotte at the bedside of the languid Ninon, her attention, her tenderness and affection, the management with which the violent exclamation and solicitude of the mother was quieted, and the consolation her lively and persevering kindness afforded the dejected father, were restoratives of far more efficacy than had been prescribed for Ninon by the whole assemblage of physicians, although it was long before she recovered strength to sit up, or spirits to speak but in whispers.

Time, however, the best and most lenient of all medicines for a diseased mind, perfected the work of friendship ; and when

the faint rose began to colour the pale cheeks of the darling, when her eyes began again to out-sparkle the best of her mother's diamonds, Charlotte was become of so much consequence in the family, that Monsieur Chevereux waited on me, and in a fine florid speech, which took in parenthesis within parenthesis, requested me to set my own price on the society of Mademoiselle St. Herman.

The man was not to be offended with impunity, nor was I about to sell my daughter—so, by the advice of my friends, and at the request of Adelaide, who made the greatest sacrifice, “I gave, with all my heart, what, with all my heart, I would rather have refused;” but there were many, many growing motives for obliging these people.

In the mean while anarchy and civil discord were rapidly superseding the grand and boasted reformation, which was to impress the admiring world with admiration and respect.

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The Nobles who were considered as inimical to the new system, dared not retire to their estates, nor was it less dangerous for those already there, to remove from thence; their motions were watched by the eye of suspicion—property was confiscated—tenants paid rent according as caprice, indolence, or avarice prompted—servants became masters—and, as an epitome of all that would or could happen, the nuptials of Monsieur Pierre, *ci-devant* valet of the late Marquis de Courville, with Mademoiselle Couthon, *gouvernante* of the *toilette* and chief counsellor of the Hotel Chevereux, were celebrated with great *eclat*. Monsieur, the bridegroom, was already fraternized in the club, and Madame, the bride, was immediately inducted into the honour and confidence of superintending the domestic arrangements of a large house, where Brissot, Condorcet, Danton, and the few in their confidence held nightly meetings.

The Princesses having soon completed
N 2 their

their arrangements, announced to their Majesties their intention to leave France, with the ladies in their suite ; the Duchess was also ready. She entrusted her jewels and large sums in specie to the banker employed by the Princesses : she had secured enough of her personal fortune to answer every moderate claim upon it, even in the event of the failure of the French funds, which would leave us all dependant upon her, and, in that case, who would not envy the exchange from splendid terror to religious mediocrity? but the difficulty was in separation. How could the Marquise bid her child, such a child, adieu, perhaps for ever? and as for me, though I then thought nothing but death would prevent me from soon following, yet the idea, that the Alps would divide us for ever so short a period, was insupportable.

The Duchess insisted on my leaving France, as an English subject, that I might claim my own handsome property, without danger to myself or Charlotte; but this it
would

would not, perhaps, be politic to do, at such a period as the present.

“Henriette,” said she, and her voice still vibrates on my ear, “you have a solemn duty in the world—the youth and vivacity of your daughter, claims largely on the care of her mother. I well know how to estimate the motives that impel you to us; but the disposition of your daughter, untried as it is by affliction, will not prefer religious to temporal attachments, and in the latter, it is you who ought to direct her. Her vivacity must be tempered by your prudence; the impetuosity of youth will yield to your experience; and it is your duty to attend to the means of establishing her in that world from which she will not easily retire. With Adelaide it is otherwise—I have well examined her heart: had the turpitude of the times respected the establishment of conventual societies, France would have been, no doubt, her choice, as well as mine; if however hereafter, the fervid zeal, by which she is now
N 3 actuated,

actuated, should abate, she has still her choice. It is safety that we now seek, and our happiness is so connected with you and the Marquise, that the moment which divides *you*, will be bitter to us. Console her then, dear Henriette, sister of my heart! console her as long as you can, and never doubt that you will ever be the now dearest object of my last thoughts.

Adelaide, fast improving under so correct a copy, calmly adverted to the first awful visitation of Providence in the suspension of her reason, and the return of that dreadful malady, when the sad event of the Duke's death reached her; she reminded us of the growing power of the Chevalier, and the persecution she had already endured from him.

“ Oh, mamma,” said she, “ if the affection, that was stronger than intellect, could change its object, how despicable would such versatility render your daughter! but that can never be—him on whom my poor heart rested—him who would have defended
the

the widow as well as the fatherless, is no more. My father murdered ! the Duke de V. prematurely torn from us by his barbarous son ! bereft of every comfort, trembling even for your safety, and an incumbrance on the duty you hold so sacred ! Oh, my mamma ! at the moment when your grief overwhelms me, and when my own macerated heart is bursting with tender regret, is it not evident that my only refuge is in the bosom of our Church ? Have mercy on me then ! restrain your tears : let me not see my dear Charlotte, her grief and reproaches will distract me ; but my purpose is fixed.”

Had there been even less truth in the arguments of this sweet pleader, her enthusiasm would have silenced objection ; but we knew the danger and distress she would encounter in Paris—and when so beautiful, so fragile a flower, on whom the slightest breath of wind seemed to have effect, was drooping, selfish indeed would have been the wish to prevent her reaching

the peaceful asylum to which she aspired. This the Marquise felt, but she also felt she was her mother.

“ My reason,” said she, “ approves of your departure ; but when shall I cease to mourn the necessity that imposes so painful an expedient ? ”

Adelaide’s anxiety for her mother was unspeakable ; she knew the Queen would always be her first cause—but to leave her alone—“ Oh, no, dear mamma ! I cannot consent to leave you quite alone, all at once. Madame St. Herman will surely stay a little while.”

Had I not been bound in gratitude and affection to accede to any measure conducive to the happiness of both these amiable families, however inimical to my own, the jealousy of the people was so violent about the removal of the Princesses, that they dared not travel with a numerous train ; as, therefore, we could at no rate accompany them, there was little merit in my promising to remain at the Hotel
de

de Courville till I received letters from Rome.

With what sensation we saw them depart, cannot be conceived, and still less described. We complied with Adelaide's desire: Charlotte was ignorant of the precise moment of separation; and the farewell letter, which I was charged to deliver to her, was ill calculated to reconcile her to such a parting.

The domestics of the Duchess, early taught to respect virtue as well as rank, could not divest themselves of an habitual and profound veneration, which habit had made second nature, in the family of De Verencourt—and need I say they were *not* to be corrupted.

The domestics of the Marquise were, on the contrary, such as usually throng houses of fashion in the vicinity of the Court, and, of course, *were* to be corrupted.

Accordingly, though the Chevalier did not visit at the Hotel de Courville, his valet did, and on such happy terms with the

maître d'hôtel, that his master was perfectly *au fait* in most of the family transactions.

But as the emigration to Rome was confided to the attendants of the Duchess only, the Chevalier's valet could not learn a secret from the *maître d'hôtel*, of which he was himself ignorant; and our dear travellers, who left Paris on a pretended visit to Belle Vue, had proceeded considerably on their journey before the King's letter to the Assembly announced the departure of his aunts, when the Chevalier was thunder-struck on hearing the names of Julia de Verencourt and Adelaide de Courville, among other ladies, in their suite.

The uproar of the Assembly was ridiculous, loud, and abusive: the outrageous crew talked all together; one patriot was for pursuing the unoffending ladies, another for seizing their baggage, and a third for including them in the law against emigrants. All that the Moderates could effect, was to adjourn the debate till the next day. The Chevalier
heard

heard nothing that passed—the anarchy and uproar of his mind equalled that of the Assembly. Neither Chevereux nor Rocquelar had spoken on the subject. The most violent declaimer was the nearest relation of the Princesses. And the Abbe went to the house of M. Chevereux to learn the particulars of Charlotte's separation from her friends, by his private order.

Ill disposed as both Ninon and herself were for company, they were not less anxious to hear the sentiments of the men who usually supped there, on the departure of their friends. Charlotte carried her aching head and heart into the salon, a determined listener: Madame Chevereux too had lately abated of that extreme volubility for which the great friend of her husband so much *admired* her; but there was that in the recollection of “remember,” which ruined Madame Chevereux for a patriot, and it was in vain the Abbe curved and curveted to execute

his mission. The supper was dull, and, what was more extraordinary, in a mixture of French men and women, it was almost silent.

The apparent defection of the Chevalier at this period, was an event so unexpected, if not dangerous, that the Abbe never shewed more generalship of art than in his present management; for, although the sacrifice of inclination to duty was a theme on which he was an able theorist, he believed it to be totally out of worldly practice—when, therefore, he found that Adelaide was on the point of being united to the young Duke de V., he had no doubt of the return of his proselyte.

The rapid progress of the Assembly towards the annihilation, not only of religious forms, but of religion itself, made a very great man, in imagination, of the little Abbe.

That “patience is a virtue,” has never been doubted—and the Abbe was patient ;

he knew that would happen, which exactly did. The Chevalier returned to the politics, the friends, and the hopes, he had, with so little ceremony, abandoned. The Abbe became doubly diligent in the cause of a friendship that promised eventually to serve himself: he had only to swear, which he did with as free an air as any priest of that era, that "the Queen's heart was set on the union of M. de V. and the daughter of her German favourite," to induce his worthy patron to swear, with equal vehemence and more sincerity, that it never should take place.

The Abbe did nothing by halves; he hinted at the passion of the more deserving younger brother; he needed but hint. The crafty Mirabeau took in the whole importance of the link, by which Charles de V. was chained to the faction; but, though initiated into the mysteries and honours of the Jacobin Club, and though now faithfully assured of the ultimate success of his wishes, there were moments
when

when the heart of the new patriot was a prey to very uneasy sensations.

The people in Languedoc were improving in patriotism : they had taken the Castle of Verencourt into their own keeping ; the mansion, once famed for the resort of beauty, valour, and inherent dignity, was converted into a barrack for ruffians, who disgraced the name of soldiers ; the demesnes were laid waste without mercy ; the lofty salon, where a former Duke de V. had entertained the fourth Henry and eight hundred of his followers, was converted into a stable for the horses of the banditti—and, however intoxicated by the passion that was the bane of his existence, he could not hear of such ruinous excesses without remonstrating seriously, in the Assembly, on an event so interesting and affecting.

But this was one instance among thousands that occurred, where a breach of the laws of society, once tolerated, recoiled on the power that gave it sanction, without possibility

bility of redress—and the awful lesson to factious spirits is, that they have never power to assuage the outrage they excite; but what was the dilapidation of property, what property itself, or even life, to the total deprivation of hope? *Now* it was that Charles de V. confided his fears and his feelings to the exertions of friendship, and *now* too it was, that he did not so confide in vain.

These were their arguments in the Assembly :—

“ If the aunts of the King were permitted to leave the kingdom, which, however, was decidedly wrong, and if they were suffered to take with them the ladies of their own suite, which ought to have been prevented, no one connected with the Queen, or her Court, in the smallest degree, ought to accompany them; because such a measure portended the worst of evils to the constitution. Who could believe the *ci-devant* Marquise de Courville would part with her lovely daughter, if she had not pre-determined to follow her?—and still less,

less, would it be credited that she, whose attachment to the Queen all the world knew, would voluntarily separate herself from the Court?—that, therefore, so suspicious a procedure would inflame the minds of the people, and confirm a report, already too prevalent, to the prejudice of his Majesty.”

It was in vain the Reasonables endeavoured to obviate such futile objections to the journey of the royal aunts and their suite. The Abbe, now become a famous speaker, enforced all the arguments of his friends, except only that which particularised the daughter of the *ci-devant* Marquise, which, however interested for Charles de V., he avoided, in respect to one for whom he was still more interested. To appear the ostensible opposer of the arrangements of the Marquise, was no part of his private plan; but it was the same thing in effect, and more to his credit, to flame out generally, no less in objections to the removal of the Princesses, than against his Majesty's intimation

intimation of their intentions, after it had taken place.

The debates of this day were remarkable for two decrees, exactly contradicting each other: the first to arrest the Royal Travellers—the second to suffer them to proceed; and, as violent commotions followed each, they again adjourned till the third day, when it was terminated by a piece of pleasantry of Menou.—“ All the world,” said he, “ will be astonished to hear that the National Assembly of France debated three days on the departure of two old women, who choose to hear mass at Rome rather than at Paris.”

M. Egalité noticed the lowering brow of Charles de V., and arose to speak on the immense difference between the departure of the Mesdames, and the emigration of a courtier; when the same member again pleasantly interrupted him—“ M. Egalité,” said he, “ is right, very right: certainly a beautiful *young* woman is a
national

national loss—let her be brought back ; but let not that disarrange the affairs of those who are no longer young or beautiful.”

While peals of laughter followed Menou’s pleasantry, Charles de V. cast a look of gratitude on his friends, and hastened to leave the Assembly, followed by the Abbe *Rocquelar*.

“ *Now then,*” said the latter, exultingly, as he pursued one path from the entrance of the hall, and Charles de V. the other, “ *now then is the moment arrived, when I shall extort from the lips of the still charming Antoinette Bergen, an acknowledgement both of my zeal and power.*”

I had gone to visit and console my daughter who had been indisposed, since the departure of Adelaide. The Marquise, too much affected to attend the Queen, had not left her own apartment in the Hotel de C., although reconciled to the safety, which her daughter’s removal ensured ;

ensured; she was now only indulging the fond regrets of maternal tenderness, without a wish for her return.

Scarce could the Abbe's most agile pace satisfy the eagerness of his wishes, till, almost breathless, he directed the Swiss to announce him to *Madame de Courville*.

The fame of so popular a speaker, so great a patriot, and so active an adherent of the man most inimical to the Court, could not fail to reach the Marquise; but this fame rather augmented than lessened her rooted disgust.

"The Abbe Rocquelar!" she repeated, "how can he dare——" A sudden recollection struck her with such dread, that it was with difficulty she could direct a message to be sent for me.—"When last he dared," said she, "he was armed with power."

The Abbe was impatient; he requested to be again announced.

"God direct me!" said she, still hesitating.

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The important visitor, indignant at the little consideration shewn *en face* of the domestics to a person of his consequence, followed the last message, and appeared before her without the permission he had thought it right to solicit; but his feelings proved, that, however debased his mind in other respects, it still was the residence of constant attachment; confused and trembling, his bold eye fell under her's—his consequence abandoned him; the boasted speaker, the undaunted self-sufficient patriot, shrunk into his ignominious self, speechless and abashed.

The Marquise was little less confused; oppressed with sensations, to which apprehension could give no name, she could only follow his retrograde motion with her eyes.

Just then an intruder entered, as unwelcome to him, as acceptable to her.

I started with astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, at the sight of so unexpected a visitor. The explanation my look demanded
was

was not in the power of the Marquise to make; the Abbe, however, had, in the mean time, recovered from his confusion, and, remembering the purport of his intrusion, did not regret the presence of a third person.

Bowing very low, and covering the place where the heart should be, with his spread hand, he protested no gratification of his own, nothing but zeal in *our* service, would have brought him into a presence where he had too many reasons to fear he was obnoxious.

“ To *fear*,” repeated the Marquise, “ to *know*.”

He bowed still lower; but as all her *pride* could not conceal the terror he inspired, he proceeded—

“ But, Madame, the one sentiment of my whole existence still glows with unabated ardour; and while your rigour banishes from your presence the man whose watchful care for you is a part of himself,

himself, he is still *your* constant indefatigable friend."

The Marquise turned from him with a scornful incredulous air ; but I, who was a less angry, as well as less insulted observer, considering, if any motive besides his audacious pretensions occasioned this visit, it was material for us to know it, requested him to be seated.

Again he bowed, with his spread hand on his breast.

" You have doubtless heard, Madame, of the three days debate on the extraordinary journey of the Princesses ?"

" Ah, yes," I replied, with emotion ; " but they are not stopped—they are proceeding on their journey."

" How could the amiable *Marquise* !" he exclaimed ; but affecting a look of inquietude and fearful recollection at the lapse he meant should appear to be involuntary respect—" how could Madame de Courville suffer her charming daughter to
be

be included in so Quixotte an expedition?"

"What do you mean, Abbe?" replied the Marquise, with alarm; "a Quixotte expedition! Is not my daughter with my friend, her adopted mother—where can she be better, where so well?"

The Abbe answered, it was not to dispute the wisdom of her motives, but to lament the decision of the Assembly, he forced on her that unwelcome visit, "and the creature had the assurance to assume an air of pique," a decision so unequivocal, that he felt it his duty to apprise her, that an order was not only decreed to bring back Mademoiselle de Courville, but that the attempt only implicated her in the law against emigrants—that it might endanger the safety of her lovely mother, and certainly had already carried the suspicions of the people into the interior of the Queen's Court.

The poor Marquise was thunderstruck. Conscious that there were measures actually
taking

taking to facilitate the escape of the Royal Family, the Abbe's report struck her as bearing every appearance of truth; and the idea that the private transactions of any part of her family, should raise suspicions to destroy the dernier hope of her Royal Mistress, was, to the last degree, afflicting; acquainted too with the inveteracy of the patriots and their followers against Germans; and certain that the stationary degree of favour, in which she had so many years lived at Court, could not be unknown, or not adverted to, in a debate of such consequence; a thousand fears for herself and her daughter succeeded those for the Queen: then the female fiends of St. Antoine who crowded the galleries, if the name of Adelaide was familiar to them, she would of course be an object of their suspicion—and in how many instances had suspicion and death of a Noble, been synonymous terms.

It was not in female fortitude to bear up against reflections like these; and the
moment

moment so long and so ardently anticipated, when the Marquise should know the Abbe's power, and apply to it for protection, seemed to be, as he said, "*now*;" but too cautious to be again deceived by appearance, his spread hand retained its posture, and his eyes grew to the ground, till, with affected modesty, he raised them to address me with an account of the order of the Assembly to arrest Mademoiselle de Courville, and convey her——

"Alas! alas! where, where?" exclaimed the affrighted mother.

As for me, little suspecting that the cruel mandate had already been put in execution, my imagination could only dwell on the deep affliction into which such an event would plunge the Duchess, and I scarce respired at the same instant when I was sensible of the importance of the present moment.

The man's power was known; but what arguments could I use to prevail on him to exert it in our favour? The Marquise

sat pale as marble, the picture of despair, and the Abbe folded his arms, as in deep meditation.

“ You perceive, Monsieur l’Abbe,” said I as soon as I could speak, “ the distress your news inflicts on us ; and can you, who are in such high respect and power, see the innocent child of your late friend, made the victim of calamity, and punished for an offence in which her heart had no share ? ”

He answered not ; his hard features became more impenetrable.

“ The poor child is already broken-spirited ; she is in sorrow, in despair ; she cannot long suffer ; it is her friends, her mother——”

The Abbe raised his eyes ; a tear seemed to glisten where the salt rheum was indeed a novelty.

“ Ah my good Abbe,” I continued, and I protest to you ‘ the good,’ I addressed to him, had like to have choked me——“ my good Abbe, can you see us in this affliction ?

tion? Will not the widow and the fatherless——”

A deep glow tinged his cheek ; he hastily interrupted me ; he had, out of sincere respect and attachment to Madame de Courville, brought her the first intelligence of a decree it was by no means in his power to change, or, he feared, to soften. He waited on her personally, to receive any command with which she might deign to honour him ; but could not presume to move without her express commands.

The Marquise, though overwhelmed with terror for her child, remembering how, with the same plea, she had been once before insulted, could ill fashion her heart to ask favour from the Abbe.

Ignorant of what was passing in her mind, I entreated her to determine on some step to protect Adelaide in one moment, and implored the Abbe's advice in the next.

The Marquise at length burst into a

passion of tears, and loudly invoked the shade of her departed husband to protect his child.

It is impossible for you to conceive the changed expression of countenance which the affecting apostrophe to the deceased Marquis occasioned in the Abbe—I shall never forget it; he made an effort to mask himself, by hastily approaching the window, and as hastily returned.

“ I am affected, Madam,” said he to me.

“ I see you are,” I answered, “ and hope——”

“ When I can be of service, or rather when my service will be accepted, do me the honour of naming me to your friend,” and really, seeming hardly able to support himself, he left us.

“ Oh,” cried the Marquise, “ that my child was in Germany !—Great God ! if the parents are both destined victims, spare the innocent child ! What, what can I do for her ?”

What

What indeed could be done by women unprotected and standing alone in such an affecting exigence? Bad as the Chevalier was, it struck me he would not refuse his assistance at such a period of distress, a distress in which he too must feel peculiar interest. I suggested this to the Marquise. She sent to his house; he was not to be found; a second messenger was told he had left Paris.

I then thought of Monsieur Chevereux, and was going to his house, when a message from Court demanded the immediate attendance of the Marquise.

We got into a common *fiacre*. A mob was gathering, and it was with no less peril than difficulty that the Marquise entered the Castle by a private access, of which she had a pass key.

I then immediately drove to the house of Monsieur Chevereux. He also was absent. As it was useless to alarm either his daughter or mine, I wrote a letter for
o 3 him,

him, which his valet promised to lose no time in delivering, and then returned with intention to stop at the Palace ; but too truly had the Abbe spoken. The people were indeed alarmed ; they surrounded the Thuilleries. The numbers that had increased during my short absence were incredible ; and nothing could exceed the insolence and clamour of wretches who were thronging towards the Castle from all the obscure parts of the capital.—“ There is,” said they, “ but one branch of the Capets left in France, besides the children of Louis, and he is about to follow his aunts.”

It was most fortunate that I was in a *fiacre* ; the coach of the Marquise would have been torn to pieces.

For many hours the Palace was in danger of an assault ; but at length the personal appearance of Monsieur, assuring them that the report respecting him was perfectly groundless, and that the last thing he should even think of was to abandon his King or
quit

quit his country, quieted them ; the grumbling rabble dispersed without mischief, and also without a single—*vive le Roi*.

The situation of the Royal Family was indeed lamentable ; not a day passed without some insult, either public or private. Madame Elizabeth, who, bold in virtue and conscious innocence, had hitherto inspired the Queen with some of her fortitude, was, on this occasion, a mere woman, and the news carried to them by the distracted Marquise threw them into fresh consternation. The return of the Princesses was every moment expected ; and early the very next morning a man was discovered concealed in the gallery, whose request to be placed where he could see the Dauphin, raised suspicion. He was seized, and a dagger of peculiar construction found concealed under his waistcoat.

“ This, then,” said the afflicted Queen, “ is the climax of my fate : an assassin comes to murder my children before my eyes !”

Most pitiable and injured of women ! how little did she at that moment conceive that the dagger of the assassin was tender mercy to the fate in reserve for her and her then lovely boy ! Ah ! could she, when running through the apartments of the Palace, and in distracted fear imploring every being she saw to protect the Dauphin, could she have foreboded the misery of his last moments, where and how his innocent spirit would be emancipated ! But I can no more—the image of the lovely child, in whose animated countenance was blended the solemn philanthropy and winning beauty of his august parents, waving his hat and feathers to the barbarous multitude at the federation, is still before me !

What art can appease the monstrous passions of an inflamed and intoxicated multitude ? The work of plunder was not yet completed ; there was still great booty for desperadoes ; and the ladies of St. Antoine were not yet weary of an occupation that supplied intemperance without labour :

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The Castle of St. Vincennes happened to be under repair, and some of the vagabonds who had just left the Palace, demanded jocularly of a workman if it was designed for a new Bastile? What the man answered is not known, but he was murdered on the spot; and from this moment Paris was again a scene of bloody tumult. The friends of the Court crowded thither in armed numbers; they locked the gates of the Thuilleries, and when persuaded to re-open them, displayed such preparation of defence, as gave pretence to the popular leaders to accuse the Court of a combination against their lives. The Assembly declared themselves permanent, and many persons whose connections with the Court rendered them offensive to the rabble, were seized and hung to the *lanterne* posts.

In this awful moment, (when, had the Assembly even been unanimous in the wish to restore order, it would have been impossible without the prompt assistance of the still late M. Fayette,) they were

informed that Adelaide de Courville had been arrested according to order, and waited their commands.

Egalité, Mirabeau, Rocquelar, with many of their faction, who pretended to fear for their lives, were absent; as none knew the crime for which such arrest was ordered, it was not without some difficulty traced to the pleasantry of Menou; and as no person now present had any particular interest in distressing a beautiful young woman, though she was the daughter of a courtier, Adelaide was simply dismissed, with injunction not to leave Paris without leave of the Assembly. The carriage was accordingly, then, directed to the Hotel de Courville.

The Chevalier, who had kept the chaise in view both at and since the arrest, ignorant of the shameful excesses of the people, was following.

The transaction however was too public altogether to escape the inquisition of the populace, who now outraged restraint, and

spurning all law, surrounded the carriage, insulting and abusing the unfortunate women within, and insisting on carrying them to the Abbay, not only as they deserved it on account of their intention to leave the country, but as they belonged to the "German wolf," the name by which the Queen was known by the *poissards* of Paris.

"To the Abbay!" therefore was the cry, and the horses heads turned, in despite of the order of the Assembly, the furious vociferation of the Chevalier, and the reluctance of the drivers.

It had happened that after the Princesses were first stopped, they were so much indisposed and frightened, that the Duchess de Verencourt left her own carriage, and accepted a seat in their's, for the kind purpose of consoling them.

Adelaide, also, indisposed in the close carriage, changed, at the next post, from the berlin, with some ladies, attendants of the

Princesses, into a chaise, where her own woman only rode with her ; so that she was arrested without the notice of any of the party, and not missed till the next post, when the Chasseurs were so enraged at the affront offered the Princesses, that they vowed to cut their way through all opposition to the confines of Italy ; and as they kept their vow, several leagues had divided the Duchess from her young companion, before she was acquainted with what had happened.

Adelaide had affected an heroism which lasted only till she lost sight of Paris. It was not in nature for so young a mind to divest itself of all its former attachments ; her's reverted to the friends from whom she was perhaps for ever divided ; and she had been too much absorbed in melancholy to observe on any thing that passed, till the stoppage of the Princesses ; after which she had again relapsed into the same abstracted sorrow, till roused by the screams of her
woman,

woman, and lifted from her own chaise into one provided by the courier.

She looked round in terrified amazement; none of the other carriages or Chasseurs were in sight. The half dead Adrian was by her side, and a guard rode near the window of the chaise. Other men were evidently in the party, one of whom, sometimes before, sometimes behind, always concealing his face, attracted her particular notice; but it was not till daylight next morning she caught a glance of his features, and exclaimed—"The Chevalier de Verencourt!"

"Ah wretch! what is now thy barbarous purpose? Thou canst not hope Adelaïde de Courville will ever become thy prey! Oh no, never believe it is in thy power to rob thy brother of the tears that will ever flow to his memory, -or that *she* can stoop to a rebel, whose pride was in a hero! What, what is thy purpose?"

Adrian, a sensible well-bred woman, daughter to the attendant of the late Madame Verencourt,

Verencourt, forgot her own personal terror in the joy of hearing her mistress exerting herself with such spirit.

“The Chevalier,” said she, “has doubtless his views; he *could not* depend on your broken spirit.”

“No, Adrian, no,” and Adelaide’s face was covered with a glow of indignation, “not broken, resigned, aspiring to the mansions where——But the insolent, the wicked, who tears me from sanctuary—he will yet feel nothing is more terrible to the guilty than the reproach of innocence, the injured on whom despair has seized, whom misery has taught to be fearless.”

This new spirit, far from the sudden impulse that exhausts its force and expires, was the result of deep resentment, and a poignant remembrance of irreparable injury; it acquired fresh energy from every glance of the Chevalier; and though she could have no presentiment of popular insult, prepared herself to meet and resist
private

private wrong. She demanded of the courier where and by what authority he was removing her, and satisfied by his answer that she was not in the Chevalier's sole power, waited patiently the end of an outrage for which it was impossible for her to assign a motive.

“To the Abbay!” “to the Abbay!” was the cry of a thousand discordant voices, answered by as many “*à la lanternes*,” a summary mode of anticipating the law, in great practice at that time in Paris.

Adrian, pale, trembling, and despairing of escape, began an incoherent prayer; while Adelaide, with a mixture of terror and resignation, lifted her heart and eyes to that Being “whose thunder rends the clouded air.”

The mob, to whom her name and rank was guilt, equally deaf to the pleading of the moderate, and blind to the beauty they were resolute to destroy, continued increasing in clamour and number: and Adrian's devotion changed to bitter shrieks, which

which suddenly stopped at sight of the Chevalier, horror and distraction distorting every feature, and endeavouring to force his way through the crowd, to whom he had vainly spoken till his voice could no longer be heard.

“ Ah, Sir,” cried the poor Adrian, “ for the love of God save us. Can you see Mademoiselle de Courville torn to pieces? Oh save us, save us! Have you brought us back to be sacrificed in this cruel manner?”

Adrian’s address called the attention of Adelaide. Her pale face again crimsoned. She met the terror-fraught look of the Chevalier, now near the chaise, and still pressing on—“ Yes, Chevalier,” said she in a low voice, “ yes, this is you; your work is finished, and you will live to feel the *reproach of the innocent!*” then drawing her veil over her face, and calling on the name of Verencourt, she threw herself back, and burst into tears.

Adrian, no longer hoping relief from the vain efforts of the Chevalier, sunk, overcome

come with terror and despair, to the bottom of the chaise.

The uproar encreased ; the outcry became a general roar. The carriage, rocked by the pressure, though pushed on by the people, proceeded very slow, and the prepared ropes were held in derision before the windows.

The fervour of devotion, which in the hour of peril distinguishes the innocent from the guilty, and which, had the cruel threats been put in immediate execution, would have sustained Adelaide to the last, now gave way to extreme terror. The faces that surrounded her menaced worse than death ; and she had time, in the midst of the uproar, to recollect, that perhaps within a few streets those friends who would have sacrificed their own lives to save her's, remained totally ignorant of her situation. A soft distress was stealing on her imagination, when a fresh shout, as it seemed from some distance, recalled it to present death. A sudden silence succeeded. The motion
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of the chaise became more violent ; the door was burst open ; she sunk senseless by the side of Adrian.

She revived not to *death*—not to the outrage of a mob, nor to the intrigues of the hated Chevalier—but to the bosom of her mother, to the joyful tears of friendship, to the protection of the General, and to the warm embrace of the living Duke de Verencourt !

“ Merciful God !” exclaimed Adelaide, “ is my prayer then heard ? Have I passed the confines of mortality ? and is my beatified spirit re-united with his ? Ah ! not so !” she exclaimed, seeing the Chevalier half behind the General, with a countenance in which, notwithstanding the presence of his elder brother, no trait of discontent was visible.

“ Oh no,” cried Adrian, half laughing and half crying, “ blessed be all the Saints, we are not yet in their good company ; it is only an ugly dream we have had, all we now see is real.—This is our very own
Madame

Madame the Marquise ; this our beautiful Monsieur the Duke ; and this——”

“ You are dreaming still,” interrupted the General ; “ here are neither Duke nor Marquise.”

“ Very well, Monsieur Fayette,” replied Adrian rather pertly for one whom he had just rescued from the apostles of the *Grève*, “ then there are Monsieurs and Madames enough. I dare say all the million of polite people who would have torn us to pieces have a rank ; and I am sure those who hold it with them are not to be envied.”

The General had now the politeness to withdraw, and instead of an attempt, which at best would be very humble, to describe our present joy, I shall inform you of the happy gradations by which it came to pass.

The storm, in which no one doubted Vollard and his booty perished, spared his indignant Lord. The skiff floated, a perfect wreck, at the mercy of the foaming billows, after one of the men and a boy had been washed overboard. Every moment, during
that

that tempestuous night, menaced immediate destruction, while, now lifted to the black sky, and now engulphed beneath the roaring waves, it drove out to the Mediterranean sea, where the water gained on the boat so fast, they had given up all hope of seeing another sun, when an English frigate picked them up, and landed them at Leghorn, where the Duke hired a vessel, and next day set sail on his return, having however written letters to be forwarded in case of any delay to himself: but a lover will, in act as well as thought, outstrip the winds. The Duke landed at Port Vendue, sent his well-rewarded companion home, and travelling post to Paris, presented himself at our hotel, in the moment when the Marquise and myself entered almost frantic.

The situation of Adelaide had reached the Court, without a possibility of relief on their parts. They indeed sent to the Magistrates; but those upright men were yet occupied with debates on the armed appearance at the Castle of the Thuilleries, and

and too busy to attend any mandates from thence. In this calamitous moment, what was the just pride that spurned the Abbe Rocquelar, opposed to the danger of an only child? such a child! We flew to his house, fearless for ourselves. He was denied; but the Marquise observing Mirabeau pass, followed him into an inner apartment, where the Abbe, Egalité, and many of the faction were assembled.

“Oh Monsieur l’Abbe,” cried the Marquise sinking on the floor before him, “save my child!”

Neither the Abbe nor his coadjutors were, you already understand, at the Assembly: the gentle creatures were *afraid* of the Court, and so held a private meeting in the chamber of the Secretary. They professed to know nothing of what was passing: a report indeed had reached Egalité that one of the Queen’s women was surrounded—but what was that to him? The Abbe’s “*now*” was however come. The Marquise was on her knees.—“Return to
your

your hotel, and depend upon me," said he, rushing before her to the street.

Fayette was that instant passing from the guard to his own house. The Abbe stopped him ; but before he could speak, Monsieur Chevereux, equally eager and out of breath, could only articulate " Save an angel !"

Want of consideration for the weaker sex was no part of the General's character. " She is surrounded !" said the Abbe, " a moment may be fatal !"

" Fly," cried the General, " to the guard. Monsieur Baillie is yet there. I will myself go to the people ; they will at least hear me."

But the General for the first, though not the last time by many, reckoned too high on his popularity.

The mob, who understood that some women belonging to Maria Antoinette had been arrested as they were emigrating, had by this time superseded the cry of "*To the Abbey*," with "*à la lanterne*," and although the General made every effort to
be

be heard, the fatal rope, which was already fixed, would have terminated the affair, had not the guards arrived in time to second his eloquence ; but neither the Abbe, the Chevalier, or Monsieur Chevereux, however sanguine their wishes, were destined to be the good angel that caught Adelaide from death to more than life.

We had just returned to the hotel, where the noise was now distinctly heard like the roarings of a distant tempest, when the Duke arrived. At another time we should have been astonished and transported ; it would have raised us, as he had himself been raised—from the dead ; but even the miracle of his restoration, after the first moment, was nothing. Adelaide in the power of a democratic mob, her life threatened, by this time perhaps lost, was all we could speak of, all the Duke could hear. He jumped from his chaise, and ran with incredible swiftness to the guard in the moment they were separating, before
the

the Abbe, who had been deputed by the General, could arrive.

M. Baillie gave immediate orders to the guards to put themselves under M. de V.'s direction, till they joined the General. But although the Duke's superior good fortune was thus manifested, it did not lessen our grateful acknowledgments either to Monsieur Chevereux or the Abbe Rocquelar. The Chevalier did not leave us with the rest; and judge my surprise and pleasure when I saw him lean on the Duke's bosom, in a passion of tears. This was indeed a moment of harmony. Adelaide, easily persuaded to believe, as we all did, what the Abbe protested was a fact, and was not contradicted by the Chevalier, that so far from his being the cause of the arrest, it was, on the contrary, his zeal for her safety which impelled him to accompany the officer sent after her by order of the Assembly. How indeed could any of our hearts fail to be open to the most perfect peace in such a moment,
when

when not only the Duke, but Adelaide, was rescued from the very confine of death?

The modest tender Ninon advanced—the Duke embraced her with fervour—“ My sister,” said he, “ my friend——” Already had Charlotte clung round his neck, and wept, and scolded Adelaide for presuming to leave *her*. What was the mob of Paris—what the confusion of the Court to us, in this blissful moment?

“ The Duchess is not here!” I exclaimed, involuntarily.

“ But she will be here,” replied the Duke, with vivacity; “ she will return to witness the happiness of her children.”

Adelaide, as well as myself, doubted this; we knew the secret compact, now happily broken on her part, had for its object a solemn termination—and, though we forebore to mention it, were not the less certain it was not temporal *happiness* that would tempt the Duchess to re-enter the world.

The Marquise invited all the gentlemen, with Madame Chevereux, Madame Fayette, and Madame Baillie to supper, and the hotel was once more seen in splendor. She was, herself, perhaps, one of the most perfectly polite women in the world; she only required a tolerable composure of mind to accomplish the essential end of good breeding—making every one pleased, not only with her, but themselves. The Abbe was received with smiles; and, though he had not arrived at all the credit he wished in the service of the day, his feeble attempts to mingle in refined conversation was borne.

Madame Chevereux, though not now quite so loquacious in company as formerly, made herself amends in private, when she dared talk of the *Queen*.

Monsieur *l'Avocat* was, indeed, all eloquence and gaiety; he had obliged Ninon, whom he adored, and Charlotte, whom he loved. He was, besides, not in heart a bad or ill-natured man. Every day, that, to
keep

keep his ground in favour of the galleries, it became necessary to talk with more violence and less reason, made him a worse patriot. It is true he abused the King; but, had all the Kings in the world been offered to his choice in exchange, he would not have parted with his own. No one could see Adelaide de Courville without owning she was a masterpiece of nature, and so Monsieur C. would have always thought, had she not rivalled Ninon; but now that there were no Counts or Dukes, and Ninon assured him she did not care for M. de V., he rejoiced that the citizens were not gratified by the favourite spectacle of "*à la lanterne*;" in short, as he afterwards himself declared, he said many very good things.

Monsieur and Madame Baillie declined the invitation of the Marquise, in their way—*rudely*. Monsieur and Madame Fayette accepted it in theirs—*politely*. Our evening was delightful: we had music and

singing; and, though Charlotte hung round her beloved Adelaide, with floods of joyful tears, I would not permit her to send our little friend away, the only aching heart in company. Indeed the preserving an interest among citizens was no small advantage to us, poor bodies, who had only the protection of the King and Queen; besides that, my little spy was becoming very useful.

The Marquis Fayette was one of those great patriots who grew very weary of his proud eminence, though he was extremely reserved on the subject, till the Abbe and the Chevalier, who left us together, made their *congé*, when he became less cautious; and assured the Marquise, while he had the honour to command the National Guards, she might consider herself under its peculiar protection—"But," said he, in a whisper to me, "do not let that lovely creature confide too much in the *brother*."

The caution went to my heart. I had been fancying that I already perceived a
change

change in the manner of the Chevalier ; but still, as the Duke was so happily restored to us, what could he do ?

You will not doubt of the gracious reception of the lovely pair at Court. The Duke warmly pressed to have his marriage immediately consummated ; but—

“ With sweet reluctant amorous delay,”

Adelaide insisted on hearing first from the Duchess, to whom a courier was immediately dispatched. I added no entreaties of mine to those of the Marquise, and the Duke, for her return, persuaded there would be time to deliberate before Paris offered a single temptation out of her own circle.

The Duke's fortune was now much injured ; but as there yet remained in the Assembly a few, and those chiefly consisting of the wisest men of the age, steady to the duty of legislators, and, as the person who

avowed himself the most ready to lay down his rank, with all its other appendages, had signified no such intention in respect to property, M. de V., resting on public faith for the restoration of his lands, did not object to be classed with men, who professed themselves content to abide by the noble distinction of virtue and talents, while he employed himself in such arrangements as the defalcation of his steward, the absence of the Duchess, and the general disorder of his estates permitted.

The arrest of Adelaide, you will not doubt, exceedingly affected the Duchess, whose first impulse was to follow her ; but the Princesses, who were scarcely able to combat their own fears, entreated her not to venture her liberty, and perhaps life, where it was impossible either could be of service. They rightly suggested that, whatever colour might be given to such an act of violence, the ultimate view was to secure Adelaide for the Chevalier, whose well known attachment
would

would protect her from personal injury ; and, therefore, while the smallest delay might be fatal both to them and herself, it could, in no possible degree, aid Adelaide. While these and other arguments were adducing by the Princesses, the carriages were rapidly proceeding, and their eagerness to quit France allowed no hour of rest, till they reached the dominions of his Holiness.

Nothing would have consoled me, while reading the first letters from my dear Julia, but the certainty that she was at that moment rendered easy by the receipt of those we sent to her.

The Duchess, now in the full confidence of her august friends, knew preparations were making for that struggle between the old and new *régime*, which would probably not be decided without an effusion of blood. She was informed of the anxiety of the Royal Family to quit a scene of such disorder and danger, and that a very short time would now elapse before they would
.. . . . 5 attempt

attempt the long-projected flight ; from them she was certain the Marquise would never be separated.

I had already made such arrangements with the Secretary of the English Ambassador, as secured my safety and that of my daughter ; so that, rejoiced as she was at the resuscitation of the Duke, she would have regretted his return to France, at this important crisis, had he not been so happily the saviour of Adelaide. On all accounts, public and private, she advised him to bring his fortune to some certainty, and that, if possible, under the sanction of the legislative power. What she had secured in Rome was the general bank of the family ; but it would be a criminal negligence to omit any effort to secure the wreck of the rest—and, perhaps, it would be no less politic than prudent to defer the marriage till this was at least *en train*.

Nothing could be more wise than this advice. The Duchess was denounced an emigrant the very day after the Duke appeared

appeared at the Assembly, and the Chevalier was decreed heir, in succession, as perfect as if she was dead.

Against the caprice and irritated passions of such powerful interest, it would, indeed, have been idle to expect the Assembly to listen to the complaint of a Noble, who could only plead his own merit and the justice of his cause; even Monsieur Chevereux, who I took leave to consult, advised soliciting the younger De Verencourt to join his interest with his brother, before he became soured by a marriage that certainly he would not hear of with complaisance.

The next letter from the Duchess was written in cypher; she had heard from our good Abbe, of whom the Duke had not been able to gain the smallest intelligence; she implored us to be prepared for the worst; if any of the family were employed in new and confidential service, she charged the remainder to secure a previous retreat; she had not only shared
the

the danger of the journey with the Princesses, but was impressed with too many of their fears, and placed too much confidence in the advice of the Abbe, to think of returning to France, till it was governed by a *King*, in every sense of the title.

How it was that the Abbe, in such strict confinement, and debarred from all intercourse with his friends, could be so well informed on events, to which we, at liberty, and on the spot where they would take place, were strangers, would never be comprehended by those who did not know the wide expanded influence of the Clergy—their insight into the affairs of their penitents—their intrigues—their unbounded confidence in each other—and, in fine, that profound mixture of wisdom and learning, which, by a concentration of spiritual and temporal interests, once rendered the Clergy grand arbiters of the fate of Princes, and the politics of Courts. That time was, indeed, going by ; but the
disposition

disposition to penetrate mystery, to become parties in private cabal, and principals in secret politics, were still predominant features in the priestly character—and, though the Abbe Riccobini was one of the most simple and artless of Christian beings, the wisdom, the piety, and integrity of his character, enforced both the respect and confidence of his more active, and, in temporal matters, better informed brethren; nor will Lady N. consider the hints, which the safety of a family so dear extorted from his feeling heart, any impeachment of his faith to them.

H. ST. HERMAN.

END OF VOL. III.



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